

THE ART OF THE ESQUIMAUX (Illus.). By D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson.
ARABIAN REQUIEM. (Illus.). By The Hon. Evan Morgan.

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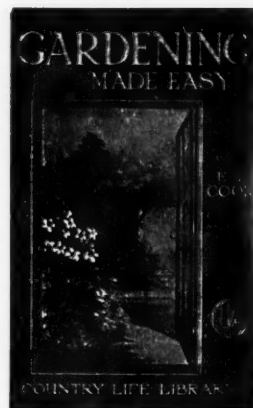
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FACTS ABOUT RECLAMATION

THERE is little need to dwell upon the statement in regard to the reclamation at Methwold which we publish in another part of the paper. The facts speak for themselves. Dr. Edwards, working against almost every conceivable handicap, discouragement on the part of his neighbours, and not very much encouragement on the part of the Board of Agriculture, dearth of labour, the scarcity and dearness of manures, to say nothing of the ills incidental to husbandry, such as vagaries of weather and mishaps in cropping, has, in the course of four years, been able to make a net profit—for the country, be it remembered, not for his own pocket—of over £3,500 out of the 158 acres of hitherto useless warren which he has brought into cultivation. To the most casual eye it must be evident that on a small scale he has done work of the utmost value for the regeneration of Great Britain. He has created wealth. The land which previously only nourished a moderate number of rabbits is now pouring out food for man and beast, and the work is only beginning. Out of light land such as this the most fertile soils in Europe have been formed. It is open to continue the good work. Indeed, it might have been carried forward to an incalculable extent if, instead of adopting the mad idea of paying men for being out of work, the Government had set all who were willing and able to the task of reclamation. Dr. Edwards certainly does not exaggerate when he says that in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk alone there is, at the lowest computation, 150,000

acres awaiting such treatment as he has bestowed on the little warren at Methwold. Arthur Young preached the same gospel two hundred years ago, but Norfolk like other great agricultural counties has a traditional method of farming which yields excellent results on the good land with which the county abounds. He would indeed be a hardy critic who presumed to teach the men of Norfolk how to deal with their good land. They are unexcelled in the skill with which they treat it, and the results they obtain, as we have shown, can be paralleled only in a few of the choicest districts in Great Britain. But what is sauce for the goose is not also good for the lean gander. Results may be obtained on silt which would be miraculous on sand.

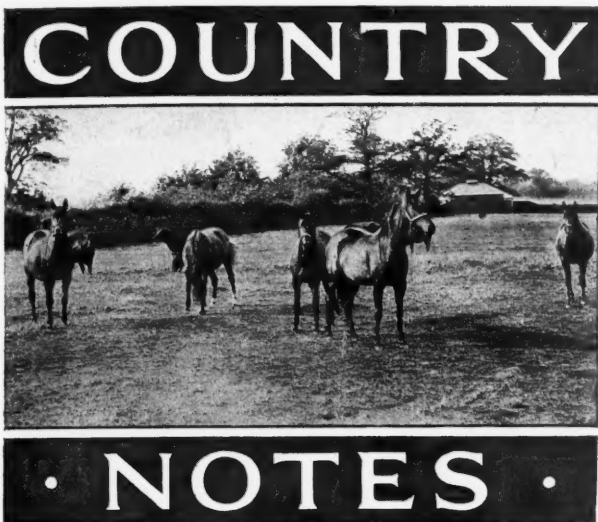
Two hundred years ago farmers could probably do very little better with these light lands than they did. The soil is so hungry that no available quantity of farmyard manure would be sufficient to fertilise it. It was the discovery of artificial manures that led to the introduction of a new scientific spirit into the process of reclamation. The gospel of it has now been preached for many years and, theoretically, the best agriculturists in Great Britain are now in its favour. What remains to be done then to carry the work forward? The initial difficulty lies in changing the trend of thought. Political parties are divided on no question more acutely than that of what we may call politics of land. They will argue the merits of private ownership and nationalisation, socialism and individualism till the plain thinking man is lost in confusion. He knows that that kind of talk carries us forward not one inch. What is really wanted is that steps should be taken to make the moderate land more productive and the worse land as productive as it can be made. A very good idea would be to send a select party of highly skilled agriculturists to Holland and Belgium, where sand very like that of the eastern counties has been turned into fertile fields within living memory. Many of the chief farms and estates have been described in our pages. The agricultural authorities both in Belgium and Holland have always met any enquiry as to the methods by which these results have been obtained with the greatest courtesy and kindness. If a number of men interested either in the ownership or the cultivation of light sandy lands were to go to the Continent and pass from farm to farm, finding out what the lands had been originally, how they had been treated in the first instance, how they had been managed once they had been got into crop bearing condition, and, above all, what they were bearing at the present moment, they would obtain the data for starting reclamation in this country on the largest possible scale.

We are by no means desirous that the work should be undertaken by any department of the Government. Practically any land can be made fertile if expense is no object. In those countries where reclamation has succeeded the initial work has been done in the most economical way possible by those who hoped to reap the reward of the labour. The determined man uses the best that is available and does not stick because he is not able to buy this or that very expensive machinery, whereas the official is the most helpless of human beings in the face of such difficulties as these. If the Government help at all, their aid might take the form of giving a grant to every man who succeeded in reclaiming or improving a certain area of land. They would be more than justified in doing this in the case of soldiers, because the help would only be part payment of a debt owed by the country, and in the case of those who are not soldiers they would be justified because the process brings into existence property from which revenue is derived. Every man of substance means an additional tax payer, additional support also to those who supply him with the comforts and even the luxuries of life or the education of his children. The State gains, too, by every augmentation of the cultivable area. A great deal of the land now smothered with weeds would excellently serve the purpose of supplying great towns with the vegetables for which we send good money out of the country.

Our Frontispiece

AS frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE we reproduce a portrait of Miss Marion Beckett, who is the eldest daughter of the Hon. Gervase Beckett, M.P., and whose engagement to Mr. H. J. Egerton, second surviving son of the late Mr. Charles A. Egerton and Lady Mabelle Egerton is announced.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



A GREAT many people are asking questions about the new agricultural commission which was promised some weeks ago and has not been heard of since. They are curious to know the names of those who are to act on the Commission and, what is of equal importance, the terms of reference. Agricultural commissions have been appointed at intervals of a few years for a very long time past and, as old historians began their history after the fall of Troy, so the regulation agricultural commission goes industriously over the ground which has been travelled by its predecessors. But on this occasion prompt action is expected and a quick report would also be required. Another point is that the evidence taken by successive commissioners is almost the same. As we have pointed out, the information in many cases has been supplied by the same man for a period of twenty or thirty years, and has been filtered through the mind of somebody else. Our proposal was that if a report should be needed it should be made by the original authorities. But in this case the usual local enquiries will surely have to be dispensed with. It will be the business of the Board of Agriculture or the Government of which they are part to bring the questions in dispute to a very clear issue so that they can be argued out in open court.

THESE issues are very well understood. The first relates to wages. It is felt that the minimum wage will not apply to agriculture. This was admitted by the Prime Minister a few weeks ago when dealing with the question generally. The problem, therefore, is how to maintain the wages of the agricultural labourer at a decent level without imposing any cast iron rule like that of the minimum wage, the effect of which is to discourage the employment of the older men. On many estates plans have been made for the purpose of giving the labourer a share in the profits. The Commission will probably have to decide on the merits of various schemes and lay down the lines on which a scheme of co-operative profit sharing might be based. Here again there can be no rigid law, but only an indication of the sort of agreement which would satisfy both parties to it. Labour claims its wage as a first call, and, as far as this goes, management would be included in labour. Next, capital must in justice have its interest. When these demands are settled the amount of profit left over should be divided on a scale that the commissioners ought to determine. Closely allied to the minimum wage is the Wages Board. This has become a very unpopular institution and it will have to be changed very much or abolished altogether. These are the points on which controversy is likely to arise; but there are other subjects almost as important, such as rent, housing, the payment of rates by a cottager and various other matters of the same kind. It would tranquillise public opinion a good deal if the terms of reference were published along with the names of the commissioners so that the preliminaries were got over and the actual work started at once.

WE may supplement the article on Methwold which appears in another part of this issue with a few extracts from a letter sent by Dr. Edwards with the printed figures. One is his disinterested offer to answer any enquiries or to give details to anyone seriously interested, or to advise and assist anyone determined to make a real effort to reclaim waste lands

after full appreciation of the difficulties. This is a very fine offer on the part of Dr. Edwards, who already has devoted a great slice of his life to the furtherance of this cause. He writes rather mournfully about a visit he has just paid to Butley, where between 1905 and 1913 he did some most valuable and interesting reclamation. But it looks as though the war had engulfed the fruits of his labour. All but fifty acres have gone back. The three lads who had them have been soldiers most of the war-time, and only the old father and mother were left to carry on. A young fellow who worked on reclamation at Methwold and who has now returned from a German prison camp says he would rather have twenty acres of it than his wages as first horseman—about £2 a week.

A FEW words may be added for the benefit of those agriculturists in the district, in Thetford and Swaffham, who have embodied their grievances in a little pamphlet of which an abstract was given in last week's number. They have an opportunity of comparing the results at Methwold with their own, of which complaint is made. Now, it is not a thing to do rashly, but it would be well worth their while to study or cause to be studied the methods applied so successfully by Dr. Edwards, and if they want to make a thorough job of it, they should go to the foundation. That foundation is Antwerp, where is located what is probably the largest society in the world for reclaiming waste lands. There, or in Belgium, they may trace the history of land at present highly fertile and bearing crops comparable to any produced in Europe, back to the not distant date when it was barren sandy waste. Other soils have been reclaimed as well as sand, but what would interest them would be land resembling their own. What they should do is not only to study the processes from an agricultural point of view, but to make a searching business study of the financial results. There is no mystery about the thing at all. It is a business proposition and one that has been worked out in many different European countries. But Belgium and Holland are nearer at hand than the others, and the efforts of their reclaimers have been crowned with conspicuous success.

THE country is not slow to appreciate the fact that it has in the Heir Apparent an asset of incalculable value to stability. A Prince who has the gift of casting aside old conventions without the slightest sacrifice of dignity is able to talk with men as a man. Obviously he is resolved to live in no dream, but to get into touch with the realities of life. And the working men like it. They feel his sincerity in every word, and love the vivaciousness with which it is expressed. The natural charm of the Prince of Wales captivated the troops in France, and, if allowed to go his own way, will equally captivate the labouring classes. He has a born leader's instinct for realising a situation and choosing the right moment to speak and act. Emphatically he is a Prince to be trusted.

LOVERS of the Farne Islands—and that is a wide term, embracing all who are interested in birds and their ways—will greatly regret to hear of the death of Mr. E. A. Paynter, although the occurrence could scarcely surprise them. For a long time past Mr. Paynter has been in very bad health, although he rallied every now and then, and it is only a few days since his last report came in. He has acted as Secretary to the Association for a great length of time, and no one was more interested in the bird life of the Islands than he. Many a time it has been our business to consult him, and he could never be taken at a disadvantage. He appeared to have the latest facts as to the number of nests and so on fresh and ready in his mind. He was a most zealous secretary, and we understand that he is likely to have a worthy successor in the person of Mr. Collingwood F. Thorp, who belongs to a family intimately associated with the Farne Islands, which, indeed, are owned by Mrs. Thorp. Mr. Collingwood Thorp has been acting as temporary secretary, as the last illness of Mr. Paynter occurred at a critical moment in bird life. The season is a very late one, and although the birds have collected in very nearly their usual numbers, except in the case of the eider ducks, which seem fewer than usual, egg-laying has hardly begun yet. It has been a late year with the sea birds as well as the land birds.

A REMARKABLE story is told in the Journal of the Board of Agriculture of the achievement of a small-holder. He had only about 680yds. to play with, but he showed

what can be done with a very small piece of ground. His name is Mr. J. Croft and he lives at Birkenhead, where he follows the employment of a slaughterer. His gardening is done in his spare time. The list of plants which he grew successfully covers a page of the Journal, and they range from artichokes to wallflowers, the latter having a very ready sale as seedlings to market gardeners, who grew them on a little and sold them retail to their customers. The gross yield of this little patch of land amounted to £48 14s., and the expenses connected with it only to about £4 16s., the rest all being due to his own labour. It is all the more wonderful because in the autumn he was extremely busy at his own work and could not afford time for the allotment. The results are very interesting, inasmuch as they show to what an extraordinary extent productivity can be enlarged by intensive methods. We notice that Mr. Croft attributes his success, among other things, to deep cultivation, early transplanting, successive cropping on the intensive system, constant attention and very hard work.

A COMMITTEE is to sit, with Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Murray as its president, to report upon the question of uniforms for the British Army; and we may assume that on its verdict will depend very largely the future position of khaki. Khaki is not beautiful, but it has now become almost more typical of the Army than ever the red coat was. To hundreds of thousands of men it is an old and intimate friend: they know how to put it on; when they see another man dressed in it they can tell at a glance what he is and what he belongs to. He is to them a fellow soldier, while someone in red or blue is only a soldier, a strange, interesting creature to be looked at as a spectacle. On the other hand, no one would wish lightly to discard the colours of those who fought at Blenheim and Waterloo. Moreover, as we are to depend on voluntary enlistment, it may be that the more gorgeous uniform is the more alluring magnet. There are many who share the opinions expressed by the footman in blue to Sam Weller at the Bath Swarry: "We know—we who are men of the world—that a good uniform must work its way with the women sooner or later." Probably some compromise may be arrived at, whereby khaki will be not merely field service dress, but will also take the place of the old undress uniform. One of the paramount considerations must be to reduce the expenses of the young officer, if we are to get all the best men that we can for the Army.

MR. GORDON HEWITT, the consulting Zoologist of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ontario, has addressed to us an important letter which we should have been glad to print had it not already appeared in some of our daily contemporaries. The aim of Mr. Gordon Hewitt is to allay the anxiety of sportsmen and naturalists in this country who view with apprehension the suggestion made that caribou on the Barrens might be driven into corrals with the aid of aeroplanes and slaughtered in vast numbers. The attempt to do this was made several times during the war, but was always resolutely opposed by the Canadian Government and the provincial Governments. The time may come when caribou and the musk ox may be treated as grazing animals maintained for their beef, but that consummation is still far off, and at the present moment the Canadian Government is interested mostly in the conservation of wild life. Mr. Gordon Hewitt himself is preparing a book on the preservation of wild life in Canada, which will probably be issued by the Government Commission during the present year. It ought to be interesting because Canada is the last stronghold for the greater portion of the big game animals of Northern America.

IN the history of London there can be few, if any, transactions comparable with the sale of Berkeley Square by Lord Berkeley to Sir Marcus Samuel. The area involved is some twenty acres covered by houses which constitute Mayfair. In a word, it is the most beautiful and fashionable residential district in London. What the financial consideration was is not announced, but the figure must be one of many millions. The land itself is estimated to be worth about £2,000,000 if it were put up for auction, and on it stands an array of streets and mansions which it would be almost impossible to value. Fortunately, the new owner does not seem to have effected the purchase for the purpose of making any fundamental changes in the neighbourhood. It has been fairly said by the *Times* that he has bought freehold ground rents with

reversions to sites and premises. The fact that he has retained the services of Messrs. William Grogan and Boyd to manage the new estate is a guarantee that things will go on just as before. It would be interesting to know the reasons that underlay Lord Berkeley's determination to sell, but in all probability they are complex and not very easily defined.

ALTHOUGH Sir Martin Conway did not succeed in getting his amendment passed, he laid a very good case before the Standing Committee on the Housing Bill. Nobody who knows what goes on in the villages is ignorant of the very great danger that the new houses will, in many cases, be eyesores to the countryside. No doubt, if the local surveyor or any member of the local authority were asked, he would profess great regard for art and beauty. That would not hinder him from proceeding to put up something in stone and slate to make "the fastidious grieve," as Shakespeare put it. Much would be gained if the principle were accepted that so long as an old cottage has good walls it can be mended. Nothing that is really beautiful should be sacrificed. Indeed, from an economical point of view it is much better to mend an old cottage than to build a new one, and as Sir Henry Craik pointed out, if an atrocity like Queen Anne's Mansions can be perpetrated in London, it is not without reason that precautions are suggested to restrain and chasten the ideas of picturesqueness entertained by district and other councils. They may do in a hurry what the generations after will not cease to repent.

MAY MORNING.

In any quiet dawn of May,
At four o'clock, in the cool and grey,
Birds sing.
But hush! it is not the song you know
Who rouse at six or seven or eight;
You must wake at four or it will go—
At four, or you'll be late!

And then from a thousand fairy flutes
The music swells, the music mutes;
O hush!
With the night not dead and the day still dim,
The birds (being only half awake)
The rivers of Damascus hymn,
And many an Eden brake.

Then they remember! (are not these
The birds who chartless cross the seas?)
Hark . . . hush . . .
At four in May is the magic heard;
In May—but four o'clock's the price!—
One hour is heaven, and every bird
A bird of paradise.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE country will learn with gratitude that Mrs. Selous, with a fine generosity, has offered the big-game trophies of her husband, the late Captain F. C. Selous, D.S.O., to the British Museum, and the Trustees have—as, of course, they would—accepted the gift. As a collection it is priceless. Every specimen in it was shot by Captain Selous himself. There are altogether 500 trophies and nearly all are first-rate examples. Most of them were obtained in Africa, but there are moose, wapiti and caribou from Canada and Newfoundland, chamois from the Southern Carpathians, and wild goat from Asia Minor. But, supposing the gift had not been so magnificent, the country, in any event, would have been glad to treasure it as a memorial. Captain Selous was beloved by his intimates and respected by all. On many a great shooting expedition he showed the stuff of which the best British sportsman is made. In the end he died the death of a gallant soldier. Not many could have proved themselves so efficient as he was at threescore, and as an officer he showed as much fire and valour as the youngest of the recruits. The war discovered for us many wonderful men, but there was not one to excel Captain F. C. Selous.

FENNER'S saw a pleasant renewal on Saturday last when the Cambridge sports were held again for the first time since the war and for the first time in history during the May term. There was some excellent running to be seen, notably by G. M. Butler, a member of a famous Harrow and

Cambridge family, who has all the makings of a great quarter-miler and a thorn in the side of Oxford for three years to come. But it was a little depressing to see how few were the spectators and how many more went to watch a lawn tennis match on a neighbouring ground. Other more easy-going amusements have taken away something of the old glory of athletic sports, probably for ever. Yet a foot race is one of the most exhilarating of spectacles. It is hard to imagine anything more thrilling than the long chase up the back stretch, the ever-diminishing lead, the

challenge at the corner and the challenger striding home to victory down the straight to fling himself upon the tape. Of all moments in all sports this is one of those most worth living for. Running, too, calls for admirable qualities of courage, self-denial and endurance. No man is going to run out a fast quarter to the bitter end without leading a hard, clean life, and that is good for everyone. People cannot be made to run, but we cannot help thinking that rather more enterprising and thoughtful stage-management could still do a good deal to revive the popularity of sports.

AN ARABIAN REQUIEM

BY THE HON. EVAN MORGAN.

"MORTS pour la Patrie!" That tender religious remembrance for those who have given their lives for their hopes, for their convictions, for their country! Such, in a Britisher, is a noble action, in a Frenchman as noble; they fight for their own homes, for their own aspirations, for their own ideals. For an Arab who fights for his conquerors fights for that race which mastered him: not only is it noble, but, in addition, perhaps, even more self-sacrificing. True it is that he much prefers the rule of France to the possible domination of Germany; but it is that he has learned to appreciate the French, while the Teuton is unknown to him, and, always a philosopher, he would rather bear the ills he has than fly to others that he knows not of. Yet, at the same time, his taking up of arms for France was done at a voluntary appeal, not under legal and administrative coercion. His master turned to him and said: "Will you fight with us?" And he answered, "Yes!" He is summoned, he goes.

Picture the scene of departure. A village on the borders of the little desert; small mud homes, a family composed of father, old and rather feeble, a youngish mother, three sisters, a baby brother and a young son of twenty, working

probably in some vineyard of the plains, or, maybe, only on the small piece of ground belonging to the family. The call comes, "Aux armes!" He must go, he must fight, not for Islam, but for France. He receives his uniform—a long khaki coat, a red cap with the gold crescent, puttees and boots; how different from his baggy trousers, his loose shirt, shashia and gandoura!

One early morning, his training now complete and himself enjoying short leave at his home, he must catch the train for Algiers town, and thence must sail for France and her battlefields—he and a few companions of his own village. Within the house women are shrilly wailing, their moans and cries rising and sinking like a night wind, seeming scarce human, this Oriental lamentation. Without the low door he is standing in his father's arms—he in uniform, new, clean, correct; his father with long white beard, heavy staff and a thick linen girdle, a patriarchal figure straight from the Bible. The old man, with trembling hands, kisses him on both cheeks, and they part, perhaps for ever. Bismillah! No emotion is visible. The old man's eyes are a little tragic and gazing, gazing far into the distance; the eyes of the young one, those soft velvety eyes of a gazelle, are filled with wonder, amazement, bewilderment.



WOMEN RETURNING FROM THE CEMETERY.

Where they mourn their relations every Friday.

Algiers reached, soon comes the day of departure. The regiment marches along the Bab-el-Oued with jasmine wreaths hung round their caps or around their necks; many, arm-in-arm with some boon companion, march to weird and barbaric music. So few of the women accompany them down to the port and boats that are to bear them to a land many have never seen, from the winter sun of Africa to the winter snows of France.

February comes, and of that regiment some few have voyaged to a yet more distant realm. Alas! and not from that regiment alone. But Islam forgets not her sons, and the West is invited to the great and ancient Mosque of the Fishers in the big square where Islam goes to mourn her dead.

"A la mémoire des Militaires et Marins indigènes morts au champ d'honneur"—such are the words on the card of invitation. It is nine of the morning, and already the city is well abroad, for the Arab is never a late riser. Outside the mosque there are many cars, the Governor-General the Admiral, the General Commanding Northern Africa, the Prefect and other officials, naval, military and civil. The Sphais are lined up without the door and down the steps to the Fish Market, for it is there that the mosque is situated. Certain privileged religious beggars are permitted to ask for alms at the door. The visitors are received by the Bashaga of Algiers, standing flanked by two kaids in the great porch, each in his scarlet and gold burnous, the vestment of servitude, his chest decorated with Orders and medals.

One enters. How wonderful within this sacred building, how spacious, how magnificent, how simple in style!

Down the centre of this large square hall, roofed with an immense dome, runs an aisle of arches supporting the ceiling, through the centre of which another similar one traverses it horizontally, dividing the building into four large courts. In the north-east corner is situated the Mihrab, or Holy of Holies, in front of which, as indeed elsewhere, is spread a carpet of wondrous magnificence, where, in a semicircle, after true Oriental fashion, are seated the dignitaries of the Moslem world. A heavy conical-shaped candelabrum containing over 350 candles hangs over the centre, while everywhere small red lights illumine dimly the obscurer corners. The back of the mosque without the selected space reserved for the Western dignitaries, in which are placed lines of small wooden chairs, is filled by the Mussulmen, all standing.

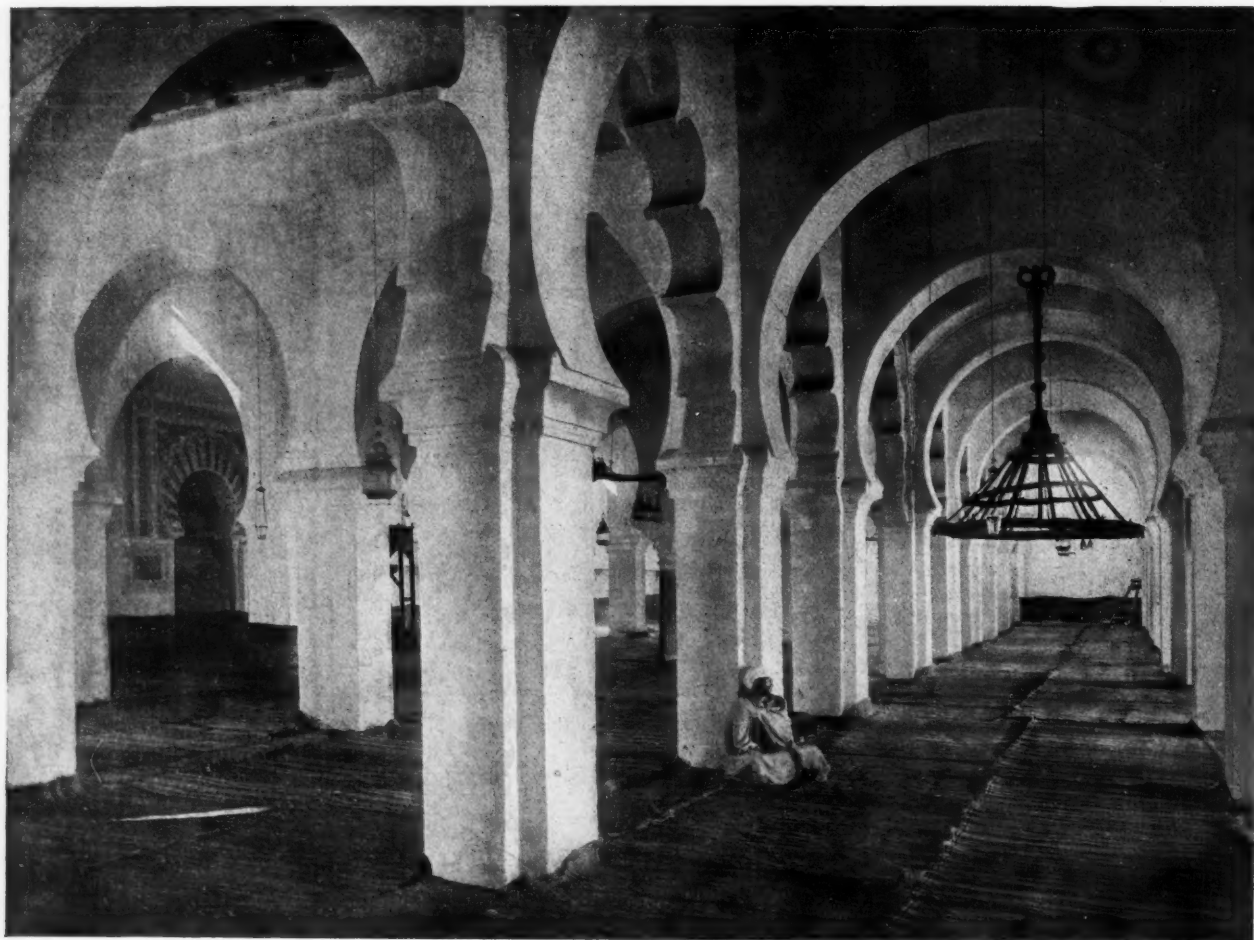
At the feet of the pillars forming the arches, old men are seated telling their beads.

Save for the subdued chatter of the French world of fashion, silence reigns, the crowd is mute; only their tragic eyes betray their thoughts, only their bowed heads their emotion; their statuesque gravity, their grief. The youth are equally mute, equally reserved, equally majestic. Some are clothed in full white flowing robes and turbans with blue burnous; some in only a shirt reaching below the knees; some in half European costume; some, again, in uniform.

After the arrival of the French Governor-General the service began. Behind and hidden somewhere among the galleries in the dome, a choir of children broke into a chant—verses selected from the Koran—and ever and anon one or other or all of them in front of the Mihrab bowed their heads to the floor, touching the carpet with their foreheads. So much more full of pathos was their chant than the funeral music of a similar service which took place for the French dead but a week before in the cathedral: music of violin, of 'cello, of trumpet, of organ. In this barbaric, full-tone harmony Tragedy seemed to pour out her most bitter agonies.

Thoughts of souls condemned to everlasting banishment traversed the heart; thoughts of the fall of great cities, of the captivity of Israel. There was a slight stir, and down the aisle came a solemn procession of bearded Arabs, the agas and kaids robed in flowing raiment, stately, regal, invincibly noble. Each was embraced on his arrival at the Mihrab by an ancient patriarch, and afterwards seated himself in a semicircle a little in advance of the other already there formed. The scent of incense permeated the atmosphere. A single candle flared by the reading-desk, where lay the illuminated Koran of historic age, and shone reflected in the golden text engraved upon the snowy walls.

The choir at the back ceased as suddenly as it had begun and as unexpectedly; all those of the two semicircles and all those of the standing multitude began a long intoned prayer, gently swaying from side to side; and all at stated intervals simultaneously bowed down their heads. Gradually, silently, and as if by magic, the little red lights were extinguished and the candles put out, until only the giant taper by the Koran burned alone supreme. It grew very dark and, in the words of the Psalm, it seemed that the "beating of the wings of the Angel of Death was heard in the air."



THE GREAT MOSQUE AT TLEMEN.

Interior of Grande Mosque where the memorial service to the fallen Arab soldiers was held.



A FUNERAL PROCESSION IN TLEMCEŒ.

The coffin borne on the shoulders of the mourners.

The chanting ceased, and one alone, standing in the middle, wailed, beating his aged breast, fingering the edges of his beard, abasing himself continuously to the earth. The grief of Islam seemed personified in him; the whole sorrow of Arabia seemed to be brooding upon his

bent shoulders. With the finale of his prayer the service terminated, and the procession, headed by the Book and the candle, two by two, with bare feet or with sandals noiselessly traversed the mosque and vanished through the portals of a small door at the side. "La il ah ill Allah!"

ETONIAN GENERALS AT ETON



Back row—Major-General J. Ponsonby, Major-General R. L. Mullens, Major-General the Hon. C. J. Montague Stuart-Wortley, Major-General Sir H. S. Jendwine, Major-General A. E. Sandbach.

Second row—Lieut.-General Sir T. D'O. Snow, Lieut.-General Sir W. P. Pulteney, Major-General H. R. Davies.

Third row—Major-General C. R. R. McGrigor, Major-General C. F. Romer, Major-General the Hon. Sir W. Lambton, Lieut.-General Sir W. T. Furse, Lieut.-General Sir F. J. Davies, Lieut.-General Sir C. Fergusson.

Front row—General Sir H. S. Rawlinson, General Sir H. C. O. Plumer, General the Hon. Sir J. H. G. Byng, Lieut.-General the Earl of Cavan.

ON THE STEPS OF CHAPEL, MAY 20, 1919.

THE ART OF THE ESQUIMAUX.—III

BY D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON, ILLUSTRATED BY GRACE CRUTTWELL.

THERE are plenty of other things which I might figure, but these are enough meanwhile; in Dr. Hoffmann's monograph the reader may find a great many other kinds—bows and drills, harpoon-rests, combs and shuttles, knives and caskets, and what not more. But let us look rather at the curious art which has adorned these humble tools with a delightful record of the daily life of the hunter-fisherman. There are scenes and episodes without number. If all the Esquimaux had long been dead and gone, we could reconstruct from these little pictures almost every detail—as much as we know now—of their habits and of their lives. We are at once reminded of the famous etchings on bone of the old Cave-men of the Dordogne and elsewhere, and of the splendid pictures on the walls of their caves. The comparison has been drawn frequently by every student, perhaps, of Esquimaux art. And some, for instance Professor Boyd Dawkins, have assumed that the Cave-men and the Esquimaux belong to one and the same race. "From these considerations it may be gathered that the Esquimaux are probably the *representatives of the Cave-men*, and protected within the Arctic Circle from those causes by which they have been driven from Europe and Asia. . . . Unaccustomed to war themselves, they were probably driven from Europe and Asia by other tribes, in the same manner as within the last century they have been driven further north by the attacks of the Red Indian." ("Early Man in Britain," 1880, page 233). It is a tempting theory, indeed, to see in these remote, but modern, hunters and fishermen the very offspring of the men who hunted the mammoth and rhinoceros in the Europe of long ago; to see in the men who are associated to-day with the musk ox and the reindeer the descendants of men who lived among the self-same animals far to the southward long, long ago. It is not for me to pronounce opinion on this theory or suggestion. But while there is something common to the art of the two peoples in choice of subject, in earnest effort to portray the objects of the chase, it is plain enough (and Hoffmann and others besides have said so before) that the style of art, the technique, is not the same. The Cave-man's drawings are too well known to need reproduction here; we all know the famous reindeer from the Kesslerloch and the wild horses and the more recently discovered frescoes of mammoth and rhinoceros. They are large and bold; they have a fine, clear outline; they are rich in detail; they are works of high art; they are real pictures. The Esquimaux drawings are tiny etchings—crowded groups instead of single figures—scratched as with a needle, and blackened so as to stand out sharp and clear on the ivory surface. They are very, very good in their own way, but they are not near so fine as the art of the older people.

Let us look at these little pictures and take the various subjects one by one. I have picked them out from the various objects which they adorn, and brought the cognate subjects together. The commonest of them all, perhaps, is the reindeer or caribou, the great object of the chase in summer. We have it in every imaginable scene and circumstance. Here is a picture (Fig. 26), an unusually fine and varied one, of a little group; it is remarkable for the way in which the artist has used some natural markings or stains in the ivory to indicate the ground and rocks. Three stags are lying in their pasture, two others approach them; below are others again, quietly moving along, while a fawn is leaping on to a rock. Here (Fig. 27) is a herd in full flight from the bowmen, who follow at the run. Here a little frightened herd gaze at the archer (Fig. 28). Here (Fig. 29) is a hind letting her fawn go on in front, and turning her head back towards the hunter. Here again are a couple of stags fighting (Fig. 30); and here one stands at bay before a dog or wolf (Fig. 31). And here (Fig. 32) is a sketch of a great trap, or corral, the Ren-hage of the Laplanders, with the captured deer and men shooting at them from the entrance. Hard by a man has caught a small deer and holds it by the antlers, and another is apparently proceeding to skin a slaughtered animal. Last of all (Fig. 33), we have a procession of returning hunters. One drags while another drives an unwilling captive, and two men carry a carcass slung to a long pole.

The bear is not so common, but is well shown now and again. Sometimes it is easily recognisable as the Polar bear; but the Polar bear seems to be more frequent on the sculptures than in the drawings; the latter mostly depict the Black bear of the more southerly hunting-grounds, the Alaskan

woodlands. In one we have him on his hind legs by a little tree—the crude scene-painter's suggestion of a wood—one man is about to spear him, another runs to help, a third is shooting with bow and arrow. In another little picture (Fig. 34) it is a hatchet with which the bold hunter is about to strike down the bear; and in another (Fig. 35) the dying bear tries to grasp the long lance with his paws.

The fox is to be seen in several of our pictures, sometimes sniffing round the dwelling-place, more frequently caught in a trap. And the traps are of various kinds, sometimes a simple noose (Fig. 36), sometimes a more complicated springe (Fig. 25, May 17th).

The walrus is as common, or nearly so, as the reindeer. Here (Fig. 37) is a picture of a little herd with birds overhead; one of the latter, at least, has the long bill of a curlew. Here, again, are two walruses at rest, and men creeping towards them over the ice (Fig. 38); in the next the walruses are swimming, with only their heads to be seen, and the harpooner approaches them in a boat (Fig. 39). In another such picture the harpoon is thrown and the line flies out in characteristic coils (Fig. 40). Here (a somewhat imaginary picture, surely) a man has caught a wolf by the tail, and two scared ducks fly away, quacking vigorously.

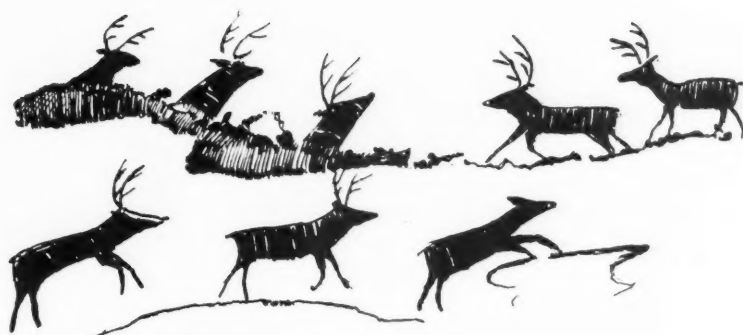
There is no lack of whaling scenes, and in one of them the whale has capsized the boat (Fig. 41); one man is tumbling out; the rest, including the harpooner, are struggling in the water. There is no end of sledging scenes. In some of them the heavily laden sledge, of great size, probably carries a small whale's carcass or a walrus's, and men laboriously haul upon the sledge-lines, while others push behind or wave their arms in encouragement and rejoicing (Fig. 42). The dog teams are also numerous, and the mode of harnessing the dogs is clearly indicated. Sometimes the dogs pull wearily at a heavy load; and sometimes the team is in full gallop (Fig. 25, May 17th), while the driver sits and cracks his whip in his light sleigh.

Fishing scenes are in plenty, and in great variety. In one the fisherman, with rod and line, is standing apparently on some sort of platform or little pier, beside his hut just like one of the old pile-dwellers. In one vivid picture (Fig. 43), a man is using a sort of landing net, while another, a boatman, has hooked a fish. In several cases the seine-net is being used, as I have often seen it used myself in Alaska, sometimes with two boats drawing the ends together (Fig. 44), sometimes with the ropes pulled from shore; in one of our pictures both ways are used at once, one at either end: the man in the boat holds up a long pole with both his arms—it is a call for assistance. We think of the seine as a very ancient net; the very word comes from the Greek, and the Greek word has (to my thinking) the look of a Semitic or Phœnician one. But the seine-net is far older than Carthage, or even than Tyre and Sidon; it is one of the great immemorial inventions of a primæval race of fishermen.

Well-nigh all these scenes are perfectly natural and realistic; but Dr. Hoffmann shows a considerable number in which the animals are fanciful or mythical. We have one such case (Fig. 45) where a gigantic bird, like a great raven, is carrying off a man; and the pictures of crabs, of which there are several, are fanciful too. There are very big crabs up in Alaska, but none so big as these.

Lastly, we have many little homely domestic pictures. A man is sitting by his hut or wigwam (Fig. 46), and another is cooking a fish at a little smoky fire, with his dog watching him. Here are two men busy drying fish upon a frame (Fig. 47). Here, again, is the inside of a house (Fig. 48), with wife and husband within, and outside a returning fisherman and his dog. And here (Fig. 49) is a man on show-shoes, a ski-runner.

Many of these pictures are, without doubt, something more than mere sketches. They are records of actual incidents, historical memoranda, accounts of actual hunting-tours, or "hunters' tallies"—catalogues of the game captured or seen. But this is another part of the story. The curious reader will find it discussed by Dr. Hoffmann, and elsewhere; it is too long a story to tell, and yet it is too interesting to pass over altogether. The keynote of the story is given by Fig. 50, taken from Dr. Hoffmann, and borrowed in turn by him from a paper by Mr. Hans Hildebrand. (In Baron Nordenskiöld's "Studien und Forschungen veranlasst durch meine Reisen im hohen Norden," Leipzig, 1885.)



26.—A group of caribou.



27.—Bowmen in pursuit.



29.—Hind and fawn.



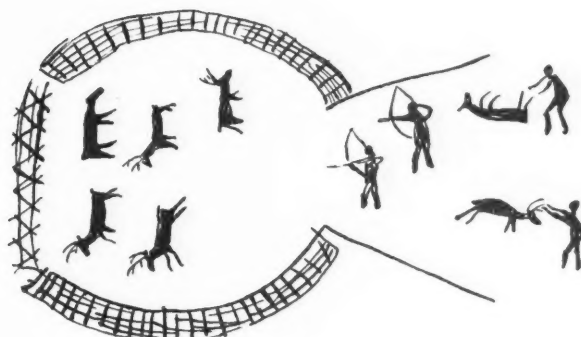
28.—A startled herd.



30.—Stags in combat.



31.—Stag and wolf.



32.—A trap, or corral.



33.—The returning hunters.



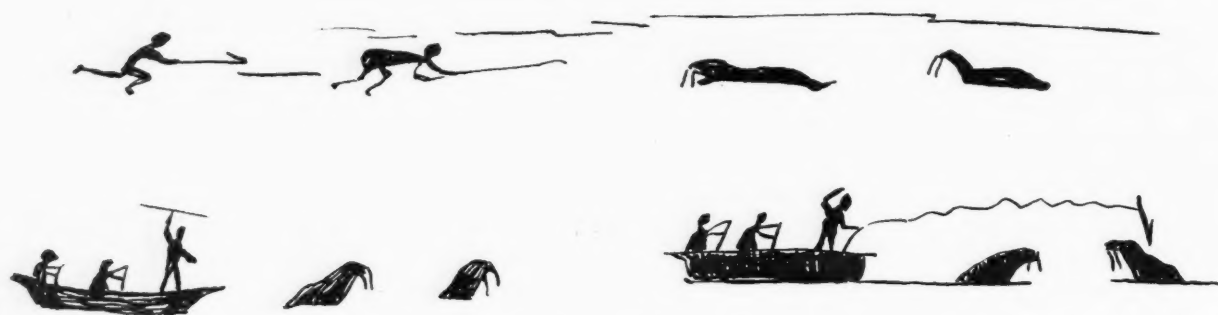
34 and 35.—The black bear.



36.—A fox trap.



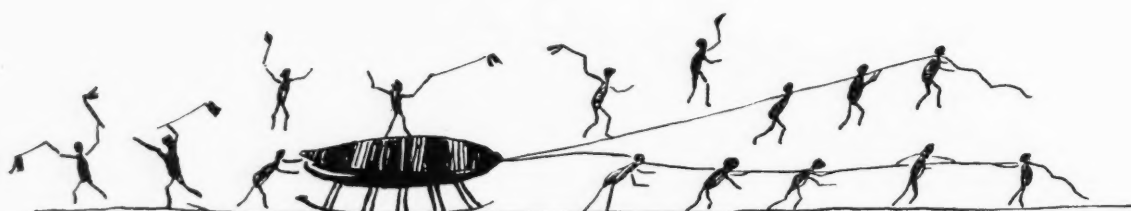
37.—A herd of walrus.



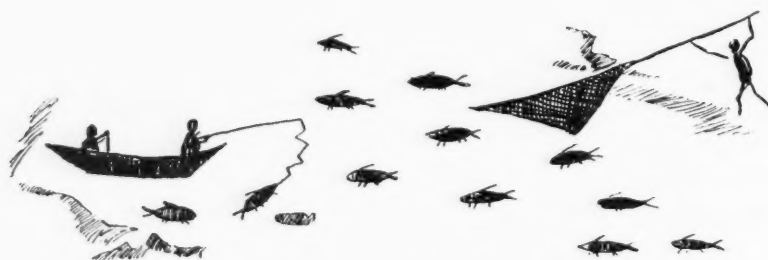
38, 39 and 40.—Walrus hunting.



41.—Whale fishing: a boat capsized.



42.—Bringing home the spoil.



43.—Fishing with bag-net and line.



45.—A fabulous raven.



44.—The great seine.



46.—Cooking fish.



47.—Drying fish.

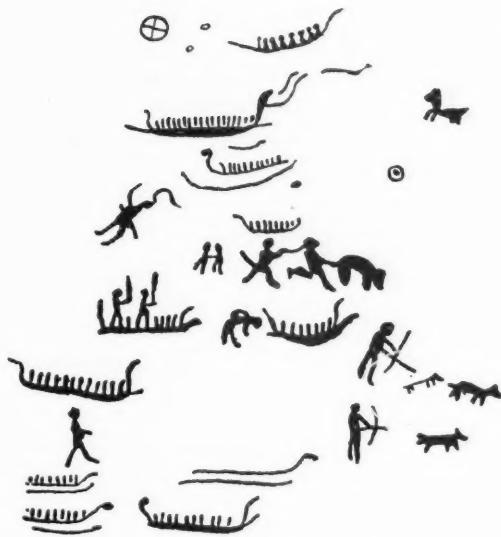


48.—Domestic scenes.



49.—A ski-runner.

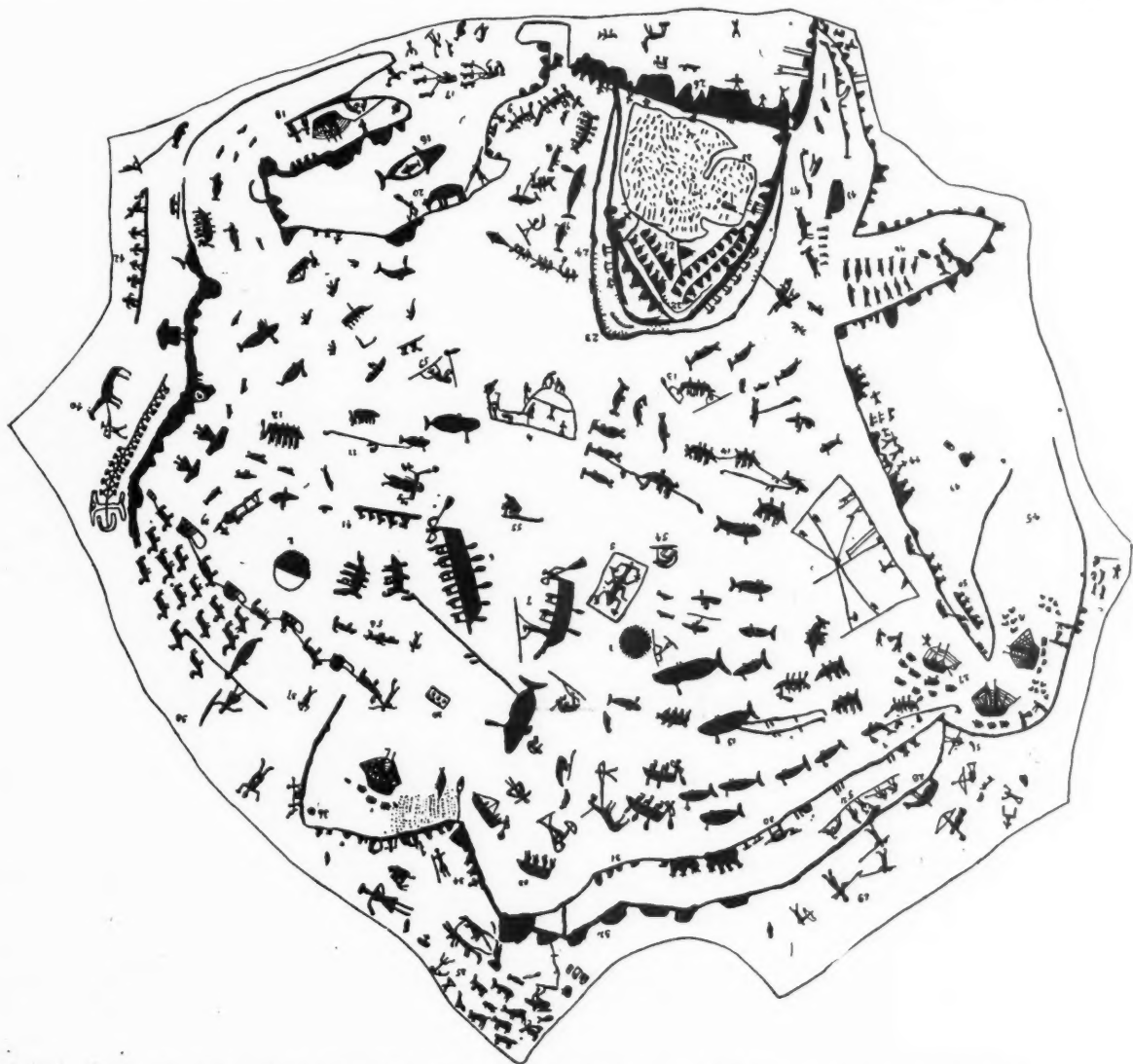
It is a drawing on walrus skin; it is said to be the work of the Chuchkis, but however that may be, it is identical in style with our Esquimaux pictographs. Mr. Hildebrand had little to say about it, save that it represents the history of a year, the record of the doings of the tribe and the trophies obtained by the hunters during that period. We need not attempt to trace the multitudinous incidents. We have voyages by boat, and journeys by dog-team; fights with bears and slaughter of deer; whales of various kinds (one curiously depicted as pregnant), some free and spouting, some attacked, some captured. Nearly in the centre is an igloo, or winter dwelling; and there are two curious symbols of the sun which seem to represent the dark sun of winter and the half-sun just appearing in the spring. Furthermore, Dr. Hoffmann has had very important help in deciphering this record from Captain E. P. Herenden, a man intimately acquainted with the country on both sides of Behring Straits, and who, by the way, is of opinion that this record is actually the work of coast-dwelling Esquimaux, and not of the Chuchkis, properly so-called. The captain is able to recognise one actual locality after another in the rough diagrams of settlements, and of indentations of the coast, the harbours where the whalers lie, the bays to which the seals resort, the hills near the hunting-grounds, and so forth. We cannot doubt that our more fragmentary pictures also represent,



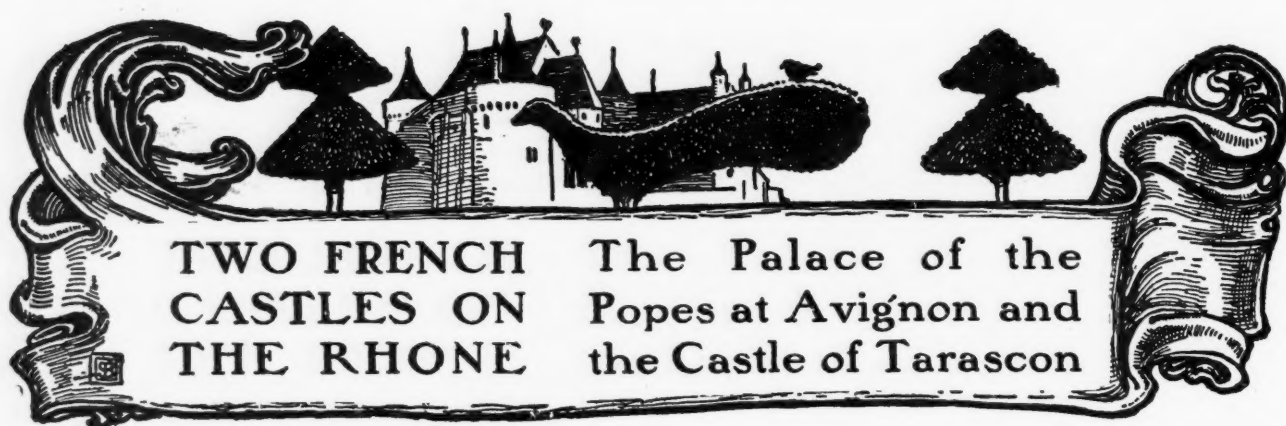
51.—Petroglyphs at Bohuslan, Sweden.

in the build of the boats, but the style of art is, to all intents and purposes, identical. To whatsoever race he belonged and at whatsoever epoch he lived, the artist who carved these Swedish stones was using the same style, employing the same themes, and doubtless following the same method and intention of historical record as the modern Esquimaux. And to see in the latter the actual successors or descendants of the men who made the Swedish petroglyphs would seem, to say the least of it, to be an easier and safer deduction than to assume a direct connection between the Esquimaux and the Cave-men of the Dordogne.

(Continued from May 10th and 17th. To be concluded.)



50.—An Esquimaux (? Chuchki) drawing on walrus skin, from Hoffmann, after Dr. Carl Bovallius.



TWO FRENCH CASTLES ON THE RHONE

The Palace of the Popes at Avignon and the Castle of Tarascon

IT is more than twenty years since I first saw that mighty Palace of the Popes at Avignon which Froissart called "the finest and strongest house in the world"; and the most important occurrence in that period, from the point of view of the architect and the historian, is that in 1907 the huge building was at last relieved from its dangerous task of sheltering soldiers, who cared as little for its beauty as for its associations. It was, perhaps, better to be the barracks of a regiment than to be a prison like Tarascon, or a disintegrating ruin like Beaucaire. But none of these three glorious relics of Provençal history deserved so ignominious a fate, and the Department of Historic Monuments earned the thanks of every scholar by its change of policy towards these splendid castles of the storied Rhone.

One invaluable result of clearing the Palace of Avignon has been that for the first time it is possible to compare the actual constructions of this extraordinary building with the records preserved in the Vatican and investigated by Eugène Müntz, Maurice Faucon and F. Ehrle. This comparison was carried on by Felix Dignonnet, the learned guardian of the Museum at Avignon, and when again the Continent is free ground for the curious traveller I hope that visitors will be able not only to see the whole of the Palace, but to understand the original intention of its builders, and to realise the skill and care with which all the ancient masonry is being preserved or reproduced after the century of defacement

and neglect which followed the more deliberate vandalism of the Revolution. The first attempt at restoration (stopped by the war of 1870) was made by Viollet-le-Duc, whose plans and drawings are preserved in Paris. Revoil, the great historian of Provençal architecture, took up some portions of the tremendous task, and the work was carried on by M. Nodet, the official architect of the palace, with such moderation and scrupulous conscientiousness that it is practically impossible to discover the relatively rare fragments of new work amid the imposing mass of the original constructions.

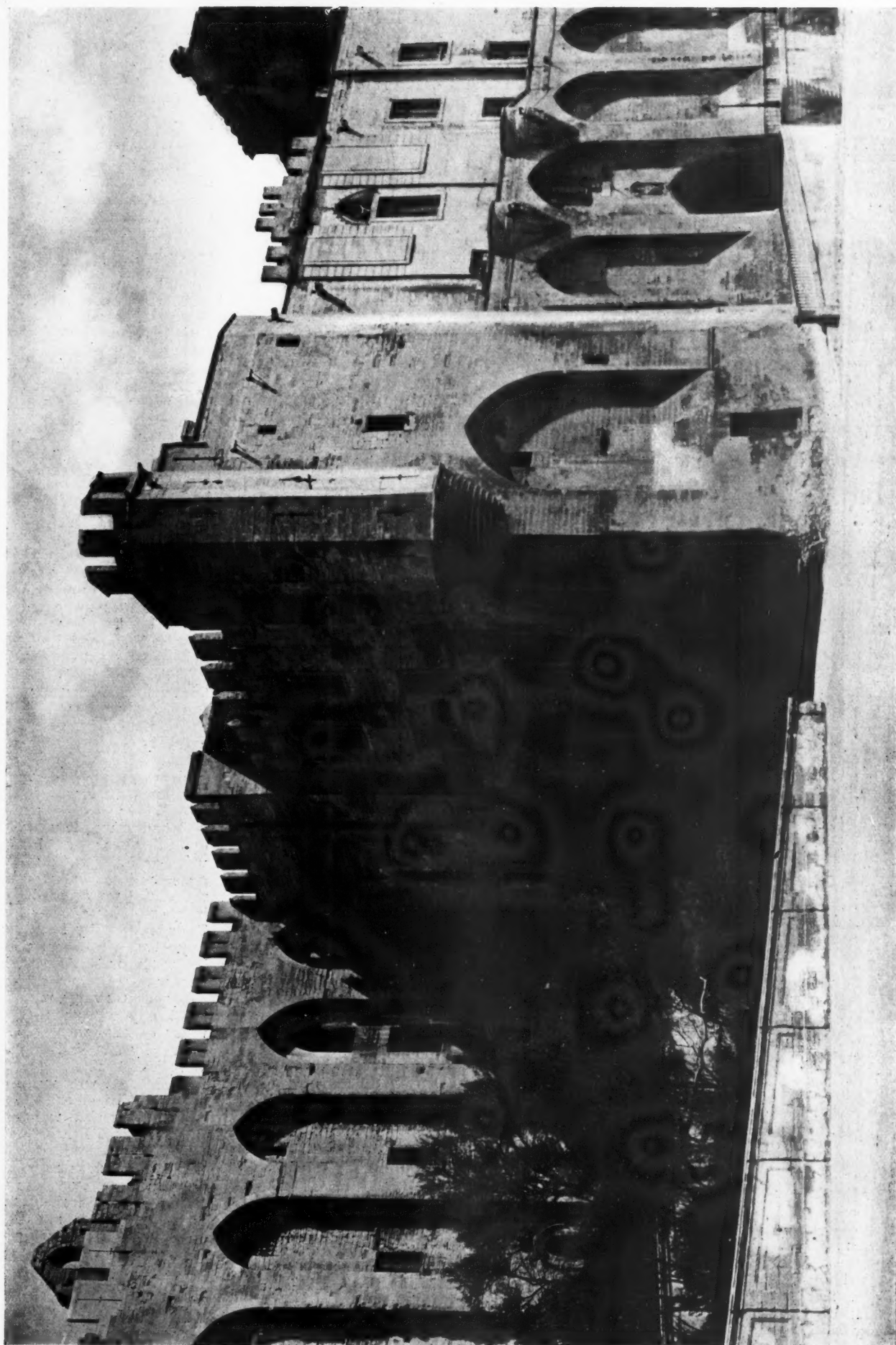
The vast and deserted esplanade in front of this giant block of masonry is a fitting framework to so massive a memorial of dead majesty, and the whole atmosphere of the scene is as different as possible from anything you have passed on your way through the modern town from the railway station of the Republic. The exquisite colour of the pale gold masonry—"teinte uniforme de feuille sèche," said Henri Beyle—is one of the loveliest attributes of the buildings of Provence, as it is of our own Dorsetshire houses; but it is the titanic strength and elemental pride of this enormous building which first impress themselves on the beholder who stands before its ruined western entrance gate. The huge and bony carcase of some creature of the prime, fossilised in bygone ages of the world, and couchant still within its ancient lair, seems brooding like some monstrous menace over the Valley of the Rhone. Ruined and mutilated, as it is, of all its former splendour, this cliff of cut stone stands



Copyright.

AVIGNON: THE WESTERN FACADE LOOKING NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

NORTHERN ANGLE OF WESTERN FACADE.

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stupendous above the petty highways of our smaller life. The octagonal turret jutting from the tower immediately on your left of the main entrance preserves, in its name of "The White Cardinal," the memory of that humbly born Cistercian monk who, in December, 1335, assumed the title of Benedict XII, and really began the foundation of the Palace as we see it. Two-thirds of the whole, at any rate, he planned; and his is the portion that is the simplest and strongest of it all. His walls are standing to this day to the north and east of the great courtyard you enter from the main western gate; for he built everything that lies to the left hand of a diagonal drawn from the Tour des Anges (No. 14 on the plan) at the south-east to the turret which bears his name at the north-western angle. The registers of his masons' accounts are in the archives of the Vatican, some in Latin and some in Provençal, and have been extracted from no fewer than three hundred ledgers by the industry of Father Ehrle. Everything was paid for in ready money, and there was no forced labour. Nor is there any question of corporations or trade unions or professional "mysteries"; and, since the question of the "architect" in France before 1550 has been raised in a somewhat acute form by Mr. Reginald Blomfield, it may be of interest to say something here of what was the duty of a *maître d'œuvres* in 1409, a date from which we have not many documents of the kind surviving.

This "Master" resided in the immediate precincts of the Pope, with full responsibility for the Palace and any other buildings controlled by His Holiness. He paid the agreed wages of workmen both in stone and timber, and fixed the prices of materials, securing "orders" for the same, when large sums were involved, from the Papal officials direct. He was given sheds and other buildings in which to keep his scaffoldings and machinery, and he was paid a regular salary, with board and lodging outside the Palace. He sometimes made a personal contract for specified work at a fixed total, and in that case he was alone responsible for all the expenses so incurred. The men he employed, either for design or construction, if not citizens of Avignon, were either Provençal or Gascon, and never "foreigners" or Northmen, except (as we shall see) in the case of the frescoes of Clement VI. The workmen themselves had already reached a specialised form of organisation, according to which some always cut stone and marked it with their mason's mark; others always worked on the timber brought from Savoy and Dauphiné; others, again, excavated earth or rock, and for this latter department, the most laborious of all, it was permissible to import Moors from Spain, who apparently filled, in the fourteenth century, the functions of the Piedmontese in the nineteenth. More artistic crafts are represented by the "vitriers," or makers of stained

glass; and by such sculptors as Jean de Paris, who carved the tomb of John XXII in the little cathedral close at hand. Enamelled tiles were to be had in Avignon, St. Quentin (Gard) and Lyons. No marble was used anywhere in the Palace, which was wholly of French workmanship and Provençal design, with the square towers which mainly differentiate that school from the round-towered style of the French kings which is so massively exhibited in the contemporary Fort St. André just across the river. The

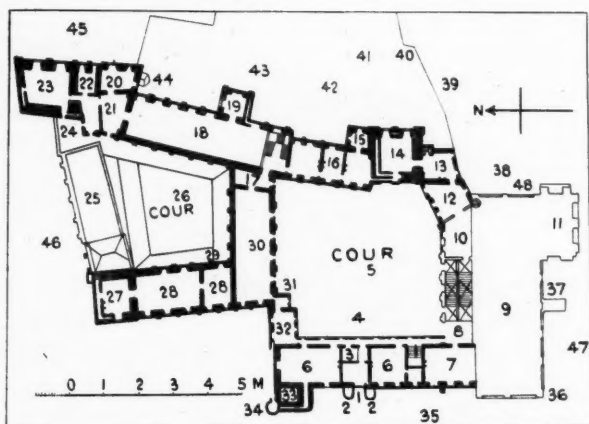
deeply carved machicolations, still to be seen here and there and originally placed on every tower and wall, had only just been introduced by the end of the fourteenth century. Those on the great façade are the largest in the world, sometimes two yards in length by eighteen inches deep, sufficient to hurl down timbers that could sweep a dozen storming ladders off the wall or crush a whole company of sappers at its base. The only luxury observable in the Palace was to be found in its interior furniture, which has wholly disappeared. Nothing but the solidity and imposing strength of its exterior walls remain to hint at what Froissart so much admired.

The old Pontifical Chapel of John XXII, enlarged by Benedict XII and since restored (No. 25 on the plan), is now the repository of the archives of the province, and forms the extreme northern line of buildings between the Tour de Trouillas (No. 23) at the north-eastern corner and the Tour de la Campanie (No. 27) at the north-west. Benedict's work was built above the older structure, originally the parish church of St. Stephen, by Pierre Poisson of Mirepoix in 1335. For some time it was turned to the base uses of a common gaol, and it was Revoil who designed its present barrel-vault at a height from the ground which is equivalent to that of the two original buildings one above the other. Their frescoes by Pierre du Puy have all disappeared; but we know that his workmen were paid four shillings a day of our money, while he had nearly twenty; and that their colours were white, green, sky blue, indigo blue, vermillion, saffron, and so forth, laid on with white of egg, with olive oil and linseed oil, and garnished with fine gold. In 1336 Benedict XII finished the tiling of the floors, and some remains of them are preserved in the Musée Calvet in the town. This chapel was not used for more than thirty years, and was gravely damaged

by fire in 1392. Its place was taken by the far more splendid building of Clement VI on the south side of the main courtyard (No. 9 on the plan). Returning to the courtyard we find in the Tour des Anges (No. 14), at the angle of the eastern wall, one of the best preserved of all Benedict's buildings. It was originally entered from the interior of the Palace only, and the steep slope of the rock outside enabled the architect to build two more storeys there than are visible from the courtyard. It forms a building



MACHICOLATIONS ON THE OUTER WALL.



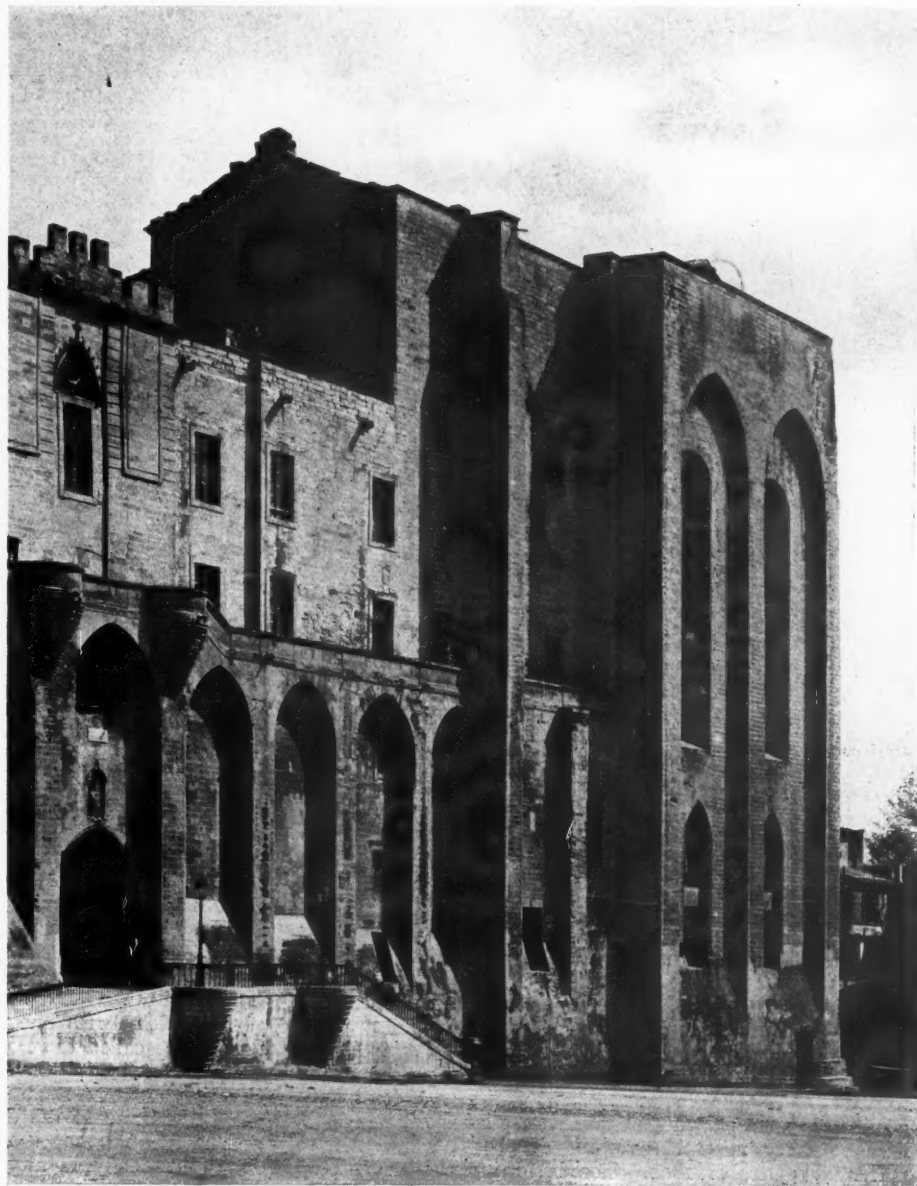
PLAN OF AVIGNON.

1—Porte d'entrée principale. 2—Encorbellement des tourelles de l'entrée. 3—Vestibule. 4—Cour d'entrée. 5—Puits d'Urbain V (comblé). 6—Aile des grands officiers: canérier, trésorier, etc. 7—Tour de la Gache. 8—Grand escalier. 9—Audience et Chapelle pontificale. 10—Chambre du conseil des auditeurs. 11—Tour du Vestiaire ou de St-Laurent. 12—Porte du Palais sur la Peyrolierie (fermée). 13—Tour de la Garde-Robe. 14—Tour des Anges. 15—Tour des Etuves. 16—Aile de la petite salle à manger et des appartements privés. 17—Entrée et vestibule des cloîtres. 18—Consistoire: au-dessus, grande salle à manger. 19—Tour St-Jean. 20—Grande cuisine. 21—Offices, bouteillerie, paneterie, etc. 22—Tour des Latrines (Glacière). 23—Tour de Trouillas. 24—Dépendances, charbonnerie, fruitier, etc. 25—Ancienne chapelle pontificale. 26—Cloître et préau du Palais. 27—Tour de la Campanie. 28—Aile des dignitaires et officiers secondaires. 29—Campanile du Palais. 30—Aile des réceptions. 31—Poste des huissiers. 32—Porte Notre-Dame (fermée). 33—Tour d'angle, Moulin. 34—Tour de la Cardinal blanc. 35—Place du Palais. 36—Emplacement d'un contre-fort disparu. 37—Arceau contre-fort sur la Peyrolierie. 38—Place la Mirande. 39—Rue du Vice-légat. 40—Rempart du Palais. 41—Tour du jardin, reste des constructions d'Urbain V. 42—Puits du jardin ou des Etuves (comblé). 43—Jardins du Palais. 44—Petit escalier des cuisines. 45—Cour de service, écuries, etc. 46—Ancien cimetière entre le Palais et N-D. des Doms. 47—Rue de la Peyrolierie. 48—Ecole de théologie sous l'extrémité de la chapelle.

46½ metres high on the plan of a perfect square, with a strong buttress pillar at each angle and walls more than ten feet thick and nearly sixty feet long. Its cellars contained the Pope's private stock of wine, composed of "ordinaire" from St. Gilles, claret from St. Porcien, burgundy from Beaune, the excellent local brand still known as "Château-neuf du Pape," and a special bin of the sweet, heavy "Vin de Grenache," besides a few bottles of old Cyprus and a dozen or so from Italy. Above the wine cellar was the Lower Treasury, with its four pointed vaults resting on a central pillar without base or capital, all strongly guarded by huge locks and ironbound doors. With such admirable reinforcements just beneath him, the Papal Chamberlain must have been very comfortable on the third floor on the level of the great courtyard; but for reasons of safety his room was occupied later on by the Pope's own Guard of Honour, whose wooden bedsteads are mentioned in the accounts of 1355. As time went on the place was again altered into the Legate's antechamber, and the names of various of these officials are still to be seen above the doors, beneath the timbered ceiling of huge beams resting on stone brackets. Immediately above this was Benedict XII's bedroom, which was used by Clement VII

in 1379, and called the "Chamber of the Flying Stag," from one of the many frescoes still discoverable beneath multitudinous layers of military whitewash. Two windows with stone seats in their embrasures look out over the entrance court, and by a third you see across the valley of the Rhone to the blue shadows of the distant Alps. Several of the secret stairways, carved in the thickness of the walls, by which the Pope reached various parts of his Palace, can still be clearly traced. Above His Holiness was a library filled with precious manuscripts, and higher still is a larger apartment from which soldiers could defend the whole tower against attack, called the Châtelet. This tower, the work of Pierre Poisson, may be taken as typical of the rest, and was two years in the building from April 23rd, 1335. The roof was paid for on March 18th, 1337. On the left of the spectator, and continuing the east wing of the courtyard towards the north, are the other private apartments of the Pope, designed by Bernard Canelle of Narbonne, with Pierre Folcaud and Jean Capelier as his masons and Jacques Bayran as carpenter, all of Avignon. The appalling reconstructions necessitated by the barracks have almost entirely destroyed the original conception, but the minute details recorded in the Vatican are more than sufficient to replace Canelle's design in good time. This comprised the Pope's private kitchen and wardrobe, his dining-room, his study and his oratory. Behind it, and in the angle of the Tour des Anges, is the little Tour des Etuves, where His Holiness took his bath, above the Chamberlain's council room.

The north wall of the entrance court is formed by the reception-rooms built for Benedict XII by five Avignon contractors named Folcaud, Alasaud, Audibert, Capelier and Bernard de Ganiac. Here cardinals and other distinguished guests, such as the representatives of the



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

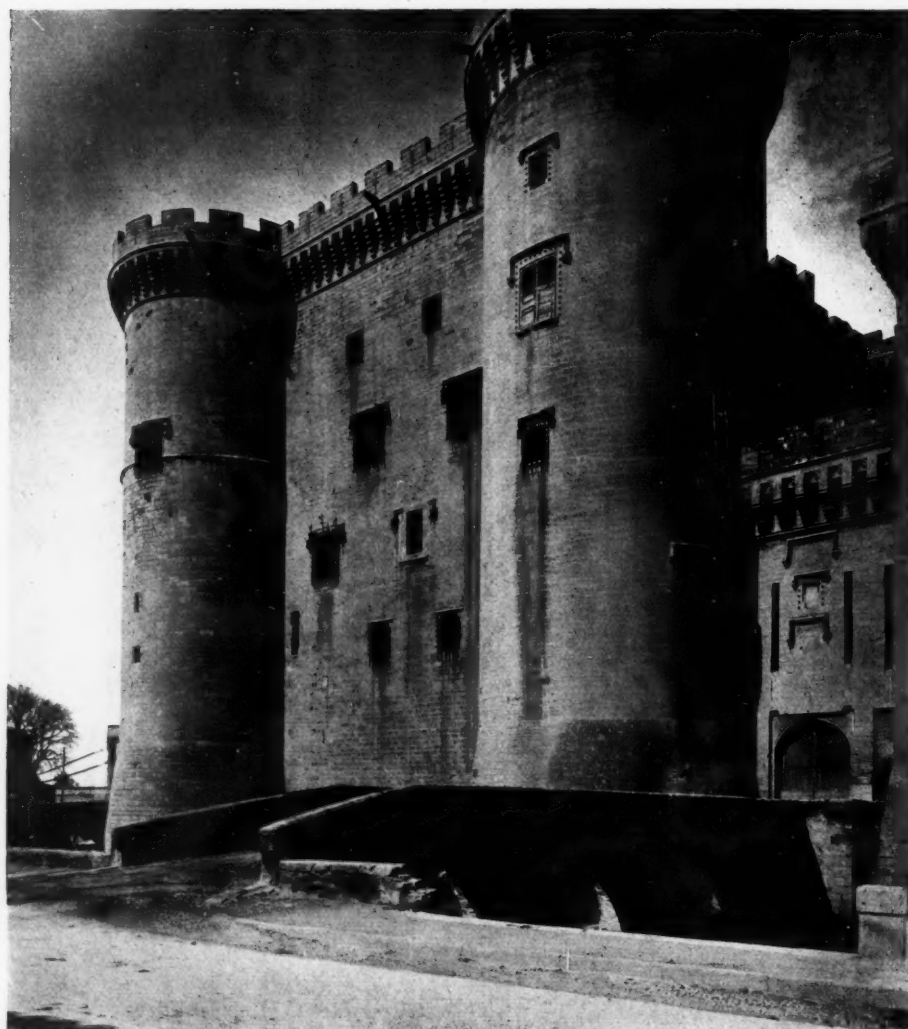
University of Paris in 1395, were received by the Pope, and here also was held the great conclave for the election of a new Pope. I regret to say that in the trivial reign of Louis XIII this noble apartment was used by the frivolous vice-legates for a form of football known as "jeu de Ballon." Its walls alone are left, measuring 33 metres by 10 metres, and thoroughly spoilt by the military vandals. Above it were the private apartments allotted to royalties, and here slept the King of France in 1344, with his own kitchen, dressing-room and audience chamber. Twenty-one years later the same roof sheltered the Emperor Charles IV on his way to be crowned King of Arles at St. Trophime. The tiles were all on by September 1st, 1338, and the workmen at once began the erection of the wing that stretches from the north-east angle of the courtyard to the Tour de Trouillas (No. 23 on the plan), which was only added in 1342. For this wing the contractors were Jean Mate, Bertrand Galfuer and Pierre de Lunel, who received their final payment on August 7th, 1339, when they had completed the Tour de la

of its eastern wall. Beneath it ran a huge stonework drain emptying into the Sorgue and the Rhone, through which a troop of soldiers ascended in the siege of 1398 and were all slain as they emerged.

No fewer than seven contractors worked at once on the western wing opposite the Consistory, and this was completed in February, 1340. It was built for the officers of the Papal household, and it now forms the private apartments of the keeper of the archives. The Tour de Campanie (No. 27), at its northern angle, was finished nine months later, and, owing to the slope of the soil on which it stands, it dominates all the other buildings in the Palace, with an effect that is much finer now the crenellated summit has been skilfully restored by M. Nodet. Within its walls Rienzi was imprisoned in 1352. But in sheer size it is far surpassed by the great Tour du Trouillas opposite (No. 23), which was begun in July, 1341, and finished, nearly five years after Benedict's death, in 1347. It was almost completely gutted by fire in 1354, but it remains his most distinctive monument, though his

personality is preserved, as I have said, in that little "Turret of the White Cardinal" which forms the angle of the great western façade built on each side of the main entrance by his successor, Clement VI, after the old "Porte Notre Dame" (No. 32) had been closed up.

Benedict had built everything necessary for the safety and provisioning of the Palace. It remained for the more aristocratic Clement to add splendour and luxury to the strong simplicity of his forerunner. To Pierre de Cucuron under Jean XXII, and to Pierre Poisson under Benedict XII, succeeded Jean de Loubières as architect-in-chief of Clement VI. He had been previously employed on small commissions in carving and stonework; but now he was entrusted with the vast designs for the western façade, for the Audience Chamber on the south, the new Pontifical Chapel and the Tour St. Laurent. His first care was to add the Tour de la Garde Robe (No. 13) to the old Tour des Anges (No. 14) in order to enlarge the private apartments of the Pope; and this was finished in November, 1343, surmounted by a little private oratory dedicated to St. Michael, with stained glass windows done by Master Christian, and frescoes by Matteo Giovanetti, which took 508 working days to finish, all gilded with fine gold bought from Vivello Salve, merchant of Avignon. Frescoes in other



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TARASCON: THE TOWERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Glacière (No. 22), a very quick piece of work indeed. Within these buildings was the great Hall of Consistory (40 metres by 11 metres), afterwards divided horizontally into two great barrack-rooms. The records in the Vatican show that its frescoes were by the hand of Matteo Giovanetti of Viterbo. Above it was the Banqueting Hall, called the "Salle Brûlée" after the fire of 1413. The Consistory Chapel in the Tour St. Jean (No. 19) has some exquisite frescoes illustrating the lives of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist; but M. Digonnet has shown that they are not the work of Simone Memmi, as was previously thought. They have been described in detail by Crowe and Cavalcaselle and deserve the most careful examination, though I have no room here to say more about some of the finest examples of fourteenth century French painting in existence. In the Tour de la Glacière sixty miserable victims of the Revolution were murdered in October, 1791. Close beside it rises the round top of an octagonal pyramid (No. 20 on the plan) which covers the great kitchens of the Palace and is a distinctive feature

rooms of this tower were completed by Bernard Escot, Pierre de Castres, Simone of Lyons, Bisson of Chalons, and Jean Moys (1344). These seem to have been French artists, but in the name of Ricconi of Arezzo we find that another Italian was working with Giovanetti. The difference in the national styles is very curious and interesting.

In 1345 the new Pope bought up all the houses near his Palace, pulled them down and began to construct the western and southern sides of the courtyard, called the Opus Novum. The vast Audience Chamber (No. 9 on the plan), which forms one side of the Rue de la Peyrolierie, used to be called the Pope's "Palais de Justice"; but the name I have given above is the correct one, and it signified the highest court of appeal in the Church of Rome for all cases submitted to the decision of the Pope. It is a noble apartment, and the frescoes once bright upon its walls must have added to its dignity and beauty. Descriptions of some of them have come down to us from contemporary writers, but scarcely any trace of them is left save a score of figures

of the Prophets, described by Palustre, Muntz and others. They were done ten years after the death of Giotto and three years after Simone Memmi had been buried, and they were, no doubt, the work of Italian pupils of that famous school. They were irrevocably destroyed by the soldiers, who made the place their barracks.

The great outside staircase on the right hand (south) of the entrance court leads to the Pontifical Chapel, also built by Clement VI above his Hall of Audience. It was restored by the Vice-Legate Gaspard de Lascaris in 1650, and was originally of great stones nearly eleven feet in length. The chapel is a magnificent construction, which does every credit to the skill of Jean de Loubières, with its seven Gothic vaults resting on clustered pillars engaged in the side walls. Its masonry was finished on October 21st, 1351, and on All Saints' Day next year the Pope himself officiated at the altar. He was dead a month afterwards, but he had already seen the completion of that great western façade on each side of the Palace entrance which is illustrated in the photographs here reproduced. This work was begun in 1345. The destruction of houses in the vicinity was completed in 1347, and on August 3rd, 1351, the corridors and chambers of the new buildings were being furnished. Only by April 30th, 1357 (nearly five years after Clement's death), were the terraces of the roof and the machicolations completed by Jean de Loubières.

The two turrets originally placed by him over the entrance disappeared in 1770, but the tiara of Clement VI still remains above a gateway six metres high by three metres in breadth. On its left hand were the apartments called the Grand Treasury. On the right was the suite inhabited by the Chamberlain. Above it runs an exquisitely vaulted little Gothic gallery with seventeen delicately pointed arches. Beneath the north-western turret of "The White Cardinal" was installed the great flour mill of the Palace. At the other end, between the entrance wing and the Audience Chamber, is the Tour de la Gache (No. 7 on the plan), which rose originally some distance above the façade itself, and was only finished in 1353, when the "Tribunal des Contradictaires" was installed on the ground floor, a tribunal which heard appeals against the effect of Papal Bulls, or against any jurisdiction deriving directly from the Pope. The only other important construction in this vast building, added by Innocent VI was the Tour St. Laurent (No. 11 on the plan), at the south-east angle of the Audience Chamber on the Rue de la Peyrolierie. The home of the Vicar of Christ had definitely become the fortress of the Church Militant here upon earth.

Turning now to Tarascon; when first I saw this Castle it was debased, like Fontevault, to the uses of a common gaol, and no doubt it was suffering almost as much degradation as did the Palace at Avignon from its military inhabitants. But I heard that King René's old home is to be freed in turn, and there may be more for luckier visitors to see than the strong towers illustrated in these pages. But even if they see nothing more, they will remember that across the river just beneath them came the elephants of Hannibal on his march towards the Alps, and the soldiers of Marius on his way to conquer the barbarian hordes upon the field of Pourrières. Scratched upon the walls of an apartment on the lowest floor are some strange galleys under

lateen sails, with small cannon mounted on the poop, the craft which guarded the commerce of the Rhone when the great fair of Beaucaire on the opposite bank was the most multitudinous and important gathering in the south-west of Europe. Within the Town Hall is preserved the effigy of that mighty dragon the Tarasque, from which the town takes its name; and to St. Martha, who subdued the beast, as is recorded in Raphael's noble painting, is dedicated the church with the beautiful south porch here recorded. The mouldings of its arch combine the classic "egg and dart" with the "dogtooth" of the later Gothic. The sculptured ivy wreath must be a rare detail in this southern Romanesque. Within is the tomb of John Cossa, seneschal to that King René of Provence whose favourite resting place (after the fatigues of government at Aix) this castle on the Rhone provided. It was not here, but in St. Trophime at Arles (not very far off), that Louis II of Anjou and Provence married Yolande of Arragon in December, 1400. Their



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STE. MARTHE DE TARASCON: THE SOUTH PORCH.

"C.L."

son René owed much to the mother who was the first of the great ladies of France to shelter and encourage Joan of Arc, who pawned the jewels of Anjou that paid for the Maid's convoy of provisions at Orleans; and it was but a natural sequel that René himself should have rescued Joan when she was wounded at the siege of Paris and carried her back into safety. In 1437, ransomed from prison, René visited his castle of Tarascon as Duke of Anjou, Count of Provence and King of the Two Sicilies. Ten years later he was entertaining there the Dauphin who was to become Louis XI and to join Provence to the realm of France; and there was founded that Order of the Crescent which only yielded in seniority to the Golden Fleece of Burgundy. Here, too, he gave shelter to Jacques Cœur, flying from the unjust persecution of the Court, and only finally rescued from the Royal agents at Beaucaire, whence the exiled merchant-prince made good his escape, as I have told in other pages in the story of his house at Bourges.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

NATURE NOTES

THE PIGMY HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THE recent death of a pigmy hippopotamus in the Zoo reminds us that but three living examples of this curious dwarf have reached this country. The pigmy hippopotamus (*Hippopotamus liberiensis* Morton) is one of the most extraordinary of living animals, to be ranged with the tapirs, the great anteater, or the three-toed *proechidna* of New Guinea. The differences between the black and the white rhinoceros are not a whit more striking than those separating the two species of hippopotamus, for the pigmy is in no sense merely a diminutive replica of its huge congener. So weird, indeed, are the outlines of the dwarf hippopotamus that it suggests some fossil come to life—some archaic, generalised mammal of the primeval world, neither pig nor peccary nor hippopotamus, but a bizarre combination of all three.

The head of the pigmy species is convex and relatively small; the neck is curiously elongated, as are also the legs; the back is arched, the body being somewhat deep; the strange, pig-like forefeet have the two central digits widely separable, though united by webbing; the tail is longer than in the big hippopotamus.

The first living specimen seen out of Africa was a young one sent home, in 1873, by Mr. Pope Hennessey, to whom it had been presented by some negroes; they had captured it on the Little Scarcies River. On arrival in Liverpool, it was shipped to Dublin, but unfortunately reached the Zoo in Phoenix Park in a dying state, and only survived for about five minutes after its arrival at its destination. The body, however, was dissected by Macalister, whose careful description of the brain in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy showed clearly enough that this organ differed widely from the brain of the common hippopotamus; the general anatomy of the specimen was also discussed.

Nearly forty years passed before a live pigmy hippopotamus was again seen in Europe. This time five animals were taken, after many dangers and disappointments, by Major Schomburgk, collector for the wild animal firm of Hagenbeck, and the discoverer of the pigmy elephant. After two months' fruitless hunting, Schomburgk trapped, in one of a hundred pits which his men had dug, a fine male specimen, this being followed six days later by a two year old female, and this again, in a week, by a three-quarter grown male; another big male and a youngster completed the list of trophies. After great difficulties of transport, the animals were safely got down to the coast, and eventually to Hamburg, where one of them posed for the cinema. In February, 1913, the Zoological Society of London received on deposit a fine specimen, for which a mate was subsequently obtained.

In captivity the pigmy hippopotamus, even when taken adult, can be tamed. Though not so aquatic as its big relative,

it bathes freely, generally lying down during the middle of the day. The call note is a peculiar grunt, and the writer remembers noticing the pair lately living at the Zoo becoming active in the late afternoon, continually calling and answering one another. They were fed on cabbage, carrots, biscuits, wurzels and clover hay. Although there is now no big hippopotamus at the Zoo, visitors have an interesting opportunity of comparing the surviving pigmy hippopotamus with the cast of the two days old calf of the common species, made by Frank Buckland and hung up in the giraffe house.

GRAHAM RENSCHAW.

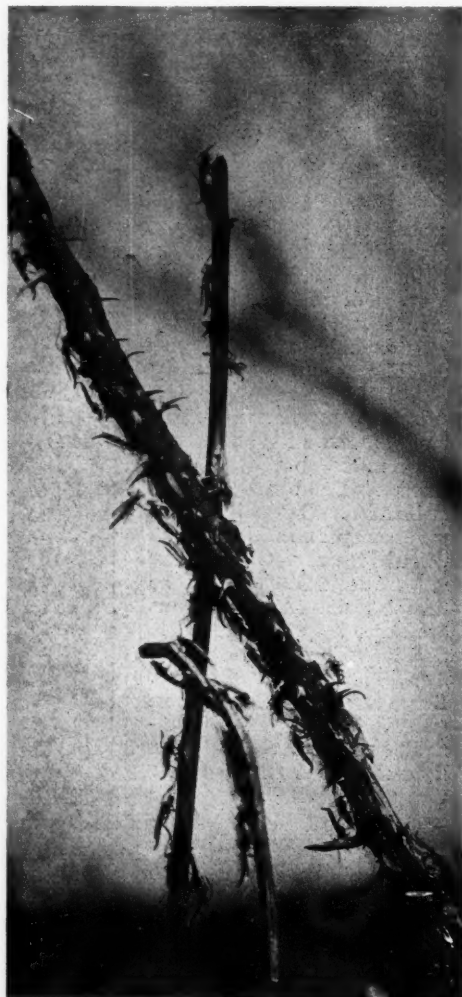
THE SPRING HATCH OF FLIES ON LOCH KEN.

At the north end of Loch Ken, Kirkcudbrightshire, there occurs each spring a most phenomenal hatch of the *Chironomus*

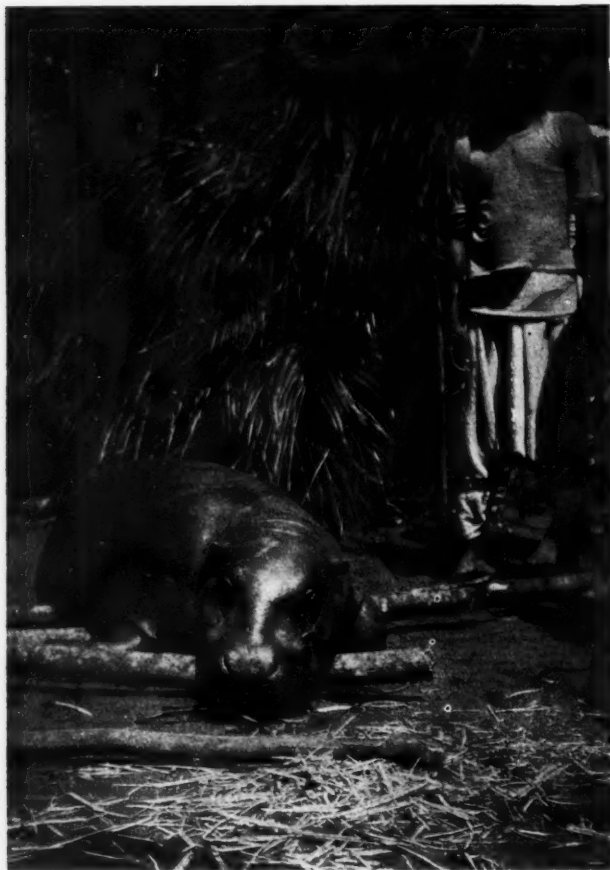
Plumosus, known locally as the Lowran fly. The insect is a species of mosquito, about the size of the ordinary Canadian variety, but is jet black in colour. The hatch is very local, and is at its densest at the point at which the Lowran Burn joins the loch, hence the local designation, it being thought that the flies hatch from the bed of the burn. As a matter of fact, they rise from the centre of the loch, but only from the old bed of the river, the exact course of which is clearly marked by the thousands of gulls which, while the hatch is on,

frequent its precise limits. These birds appear immediately the hatch begins, and never leave the water day or night while it lasts, appearing in the distance like a white streak of foam as they rest on the surface feeding on the scum of insects, and so exactly do they mark the old bed of the river that little doubt can exist as to whence the flies come.

On many Scottish and Irish lochs phenomenal hatches of this kind, of course, occur, but the Loch Ken hatch, while it lasts, is almost parallel with the hatches on some of the lakes of Colorado. The insects swarm in teeming millions, covering the ground and the walls at the lake-side to such an extent that they appear like a growth of lichen. The road skirts the loch for rather over a mile at this point, and horses and pedestrians become veritably grey with insects, which are a source of real horror to many of the Easter visitors, particularly as they are discussed locally as the Lowran "flea." The hatch must really be seen at its height in order to gain any idea as to its abnormality. The ground becomes grey with insects, and walking through the grass one is enveloped knee deep in a haze of minute winged life. The hum of wings can be heard indoors, like the noise of mosquitoes in a Canadian slough, and it is noticeable that the numerous small birds which have fed for weeks past at the writer's door become quite independent of human support during this brief period of plenty. Immediately the hatch has reached its zenith a scum of dead insects forms at the water's edge, finally to be drifted ashore in a long



THE LOWRAN FLY.



NEW TO CAPTIVITY.

black ridge. Fortunately, the Lowran fly is perfectly inoffensive, otherwise its numbers would exclude all human occupation from the vicinity of the hatch during the brief period of its duration.

H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

BIRDS' SONGS IN A HERTFORDSHIRE WOOD.

Not 50yds. from my door, in the south-east of Hertfordshire, is a piece of common land, partly oak coppice with an undergrowth of hawthorn and hazel, with open glades here and there. Here, within an area of less than two acres, can be heard all the finest of our resident songsters and all the common migrants that as singers rank high. There are thrushes, misselthrushes, blackbirds, robins, wrens, hedgesparrows, chaffinches, great tits, an occasional skylark within hearing, nightingales, blackcaps, garden warblers, wood-warblers, willow-warblers, chiffchaffs, the whitethroats (greater and lesser), tree pipits, cuckoos, while the cooing of woodpigeons and the purring note of the turtle dove come from a neighbouring game preserve. There is every opportunity to compare the rival singers. For sweetness, softness and delicacy of tone I put the blackcap at the top of all. President Roosevelt, a lover and a good judge of the songs of birds, ranked the blackcap and the blackbird very high. The carelessness with which the blackcap flings out his notes adds to their charm. The garden warbler has a song not unlike that of the blackcap, but limps far behind him; there is none of the magic, nothing beyond rather mechanical tunefulness. There is one nightingale; his song rings out louder, more brilliant, more varied than the blackcap, but has less of softness and sweetness. Certainly it is best heard at night when you can stand within 2yds. or 3yds. of the singer. So clear and liquid

are his notes that, as you get nearer, they seem to improve in quality. He appears not to know fatigue. From nine to ten (solar time) he sleeps, then wakes to sing, if the night be fine and warm, right on without a rest till sunrise. The cuckoo also is a musician, but it does not do to be too near him; distance lends enchantment to his notes. There is one pair of wood-warblers, and the cockbird's song (not the twitter, which I take to be a call note) is remarkably like the long, slow notes of the nightingale, though inferior to them in strength and quality.

The willow-warbler is less reputed as a singer than he should be; he is too ubiquitous and familiar. But the "dying fall" of his song has a beauty of its own. The tree-pipit has a song that for energy and force is hardly equalled, certainly not surpassed, by any bird, so small as he is, but it is not rich in tone. The blackbird's notes are full bodied and rich, and though he has little variety as a rule, some individual birds introduce a little tune in the middle of the normal song of the species. He competes with the nightingale and the blackcap for the first place among our singers. The thrush is a concert singer with a wonderful repertory of musical phrases, but the blackbird's rich notes make the thrush's sound thin. The misselthrush is at a lower level, monotonous and deficient in richness. The robin's song, though far inferior, yet by its sweetness suggests the blackcap's. While the great songsters are singing the wren strikes in with his wonderful outbursts, the chaffinch's glorified twitter is perpetually heard and often the ringing note of the great tit. What a contrast this to the silence of a Canadian forest! Even in July an occasional fragment of song is heard in our woods.

F. W. HEADLEY.

EVERGREEN RHODODENDRONS.—I

THEIR HISTORY AND POSSIBILITIES.

By W. J. BEAN.

FOR at least three-quarters of a century the genus *Rhododendron* has furnished gardens with their most valuable evergreens. No other group of shrubs of its size combines so much beauty of flower with such luxuriance and beauty of foliage, and, provided the soil in which they are planted is free from lime, few as a whole are so easily cultivated and transplanted. One hundred years ago the gardeners of the time had about half a dozen species and no hybrids to choose from. It was not a great choice and the colours they gave were either white, pink or purple. Now the

number of species in cultivation in this country approaches 300, and their flowers provide an infinite variety of tints. Rich yellow is found plentifully enough in the deciduous or azalea section, but up to the present the yellows seen in cultivated evergreen sorts are not robust or glowing. Such blues, too, as we have are unconvincing in their pale shades and suspect of purple in their dark ones. But from pure white to pink, rose, scarlet, crimson and purple there is every gradation.

Up to the year 1825 such rhododendrons as our gardens possessed came from Europe, Asia Minor and North America,



RHODODENDRONS AT TITTENHURST, SUNNINGHILL.

In that year there flowered for the first time in cultivation, at The Grange, Alresford—then, and still, the seat of the Baring family—*R. arboreum*, a species from North India and Nepal. The rich crimson blossoms provided the hybridiser with an entirely new pigment, and well those early workers made use of it. Waterer of Knap Hill produced *Nobleanum* by crossing *arboreum* with *caucasicum*, and Mr. Gowen, at Highclere, produced *altaclerense* from *arboreum* crossed with *ponticum* or *catawbiense*. And up to the present day *R. arboreum* has continued to be the chief source of the richest red and crimson shades in hybrid rhododendrons. The next great step in the evolution of the garden rhododendron came about the year 1850, when Sir Joseph Hooker made his historic journeys in the Himalaya and sent home seeds of nearly all the species that exist in that region. They include what are admittedly the finest of all the world's rhododendrons; and China, almost incredibly rich in species as she is proving to be, has not produced any to surpass such ones as *Griffithianum*, *Nuttallii*, *grande*, *barbatum*, *campylocarpum*, *Edgeworthii* and *Dalhousiae*. We can grow a dozen or so of these Himalayan kinds in our average climate, but two-thirds of them can only be seen at their best in the south-western counties of England, in Ireland, South Wales or in western Scotland. So fine are they in these places that I believe it is on record that Sir Joseph Hooker, when he saw them flowering in Cornwall on one occasion, exclaimed that they surpassed in beauty their progenitors growing wild on their native mountains.

In 1856 or thereabouts Robert Fortune found the species named after him in the mountains south of Ningpo, not very far from the eastern coast of China. It was the first evergreen rhododendron discovered on the mainland of China, and for nearly a quarter of a century remained the only one, although a species, tender with us, had been found previously in Hong Kong by Colonel Champion, and named after his wife. But no one had any conception then of the great army of rhododendrons that was entrenched in the mountains of central and western China. It was not until they were revealed by the travels of Professor A. Henry and the work of the French missionaries that we were able to realise that there, and not in the Himalaya, as was hitherto believed, lay the headquarters of the genus.

It is to the introduction of these new Chinese species to cultivation in this country that the extraordinary interest now taken in rhododendrons is largely due, although it has to a very great extent also been fostered by the many beautiful new hybrids that have reached the flowering state in recent years. The Chinese species made their first appearance as living plants in Europe at the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. I remember very well seeing numerous pans of tiny seedlings in the plant houses there in the autumn of 1889. Among them were *racemosum*, *yunnanense*, *rubiginosum*, *scabrifolium*, *ficto-lacteam* (then called *lacteam*) and others, but the French, possibly because their climate does not favour rhododendron growing like ours, did not pursue the quest very far. A few species were afterwards distributed by the late Mr. Maurice de Vilmorin, but it was not until E. H. Wilson went plant collecting to China on behalf of Messrs. Veitch in the first years of this century that we began to realise what treasures those remote mountains of the Far East held in their fastnesses. Following him in the same work in somewhat more southerly regions has been George Forrest, who has already introduced an extraordinary number of new rhododendrons and is still at the present time engaged in this work.

HYBRIDS.

One of the greatest fascinations of this group of plants is the facility with which they can be hybridised. As has already been mentioned, it is only a minority of the Himalayan species that can be grown, say, in the Home Counties. But, by crossing the more tender ones with genuinely hardy species and hybrids, a progeny has been obtained which combines much of the beauty of the one with the hardiness of the other. *R. Griffithianum*, for instance (some readers may know it better as *Aucklandii*), is not hardy, but much of its splendour has descended to such varieties as *Loderii*, *Loder's White*, *Kewense*, *Manglesii*, *Pink Pearl* and *Isabella Mangles*. It is a curious thing that this rhododendron—in size of blossom probably the finest in the world—should have been neglected by hybridisers in the early days of its existence in this country. It was introduced about 1850, but I do not know that anyone produced anything from it until the late Mr. H. J. Mangles saw its possibilities as a parent and until *R. Kewense* was raised at Kew, both forty to fifty years ago. During the last twenty years it has been the most popular of all breeding rhododendrons.

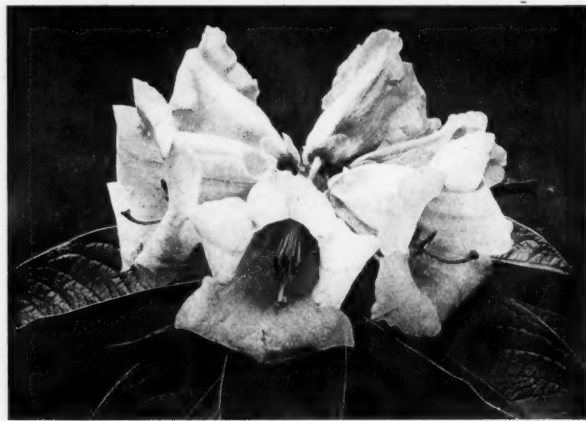
The combinations that are now possible among rhododendrons are incalculable, and when one contemplates the wealth of species and first-class hybrids the hybridiser will soon have to work upon, and the enthusiasm and number of present day votaries of the genus, an estimate of its potentialities becomes rather overpowering. There is this, however, to be said: however humble the worker, he may always be sure of producing something good and something new.

I think the ordinary type of hybrid rhododendron—the one which owes its origin mainly to *catawbiense*, *ponticum*, *caucasicum*, *maximum* and *arboreum*—has about reached the height of its capabilities. This type has played the chief part, and always will play a great part, in the gardens of our cooler counties, and

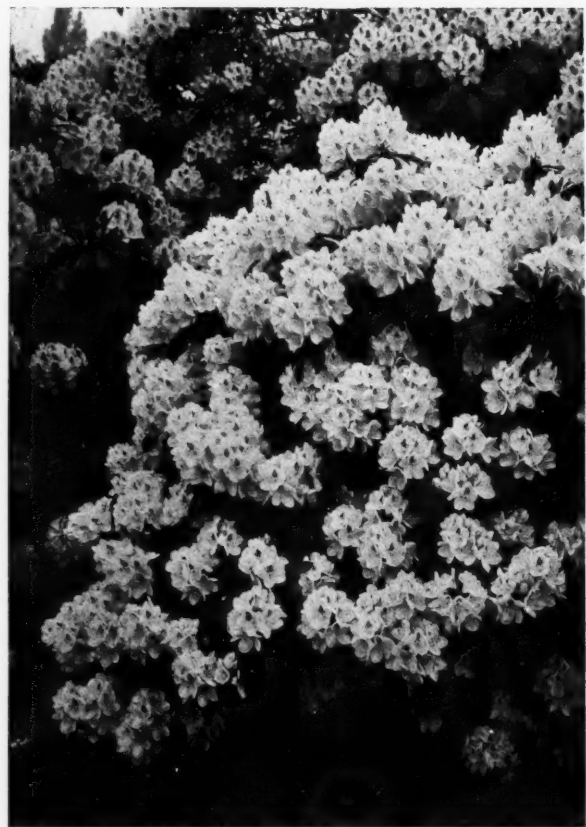
the community owes much to those—chief among them the Waterers—who did so much for its development on the old lines. It will, of course, always be easy to produce something new among them, but not easy to produce anything better or essentially different from the best the famous Surrey nurseries have given us unless new "blood" from outside species is introduced.

SOIL AND SITUATION.

To cultivators it is an important and gratifying thing that rhododendrons on the whole are easily cultivated. Many of them are, of course, tender, but such are best left for the milder counties, for I have never seen that much is to be gained by growing them out of doors in cooler places and giving them



RHODODENDRON NUTTALLII.



A SEEDLING OF RHODODENDRON FORTUNEI.

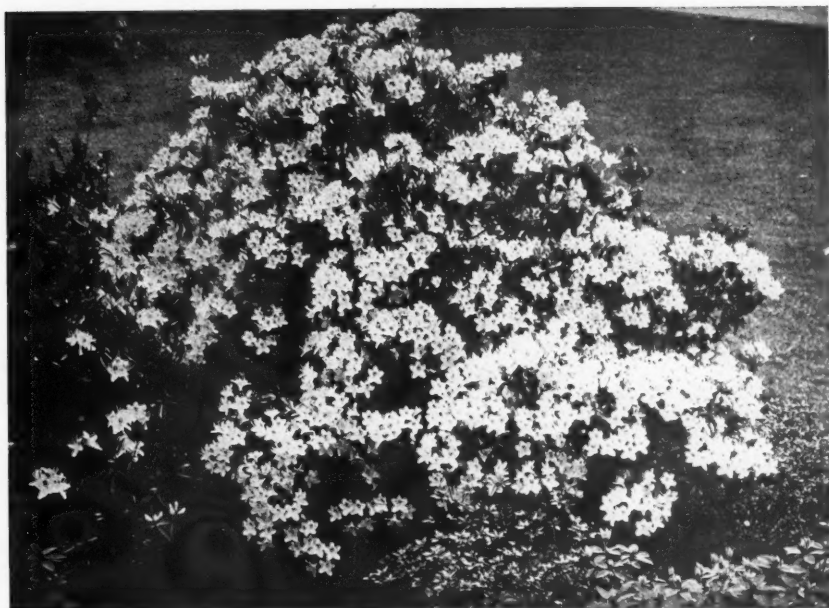
intermittent protection. Something can be done by sheltering those sorts that grow and flower early by providing them with a light covering on frosty nights in spring if one has the time and enthusiasm for it. But on the whole, I do not think that game is worth the candle. It is better to plant such early sorts where they get shade and shelter from the north and east. Some of the most successful planting has been done in thin woodland, where the trees are thick enough to give shade and shelter and to check night radiation, yet not so thick as to unduly rob the roots of moisture and sustenance. If such woodland is wholly or mainly of oak it is a good thing, for the oak is a deep rooter and not greedy, and its shade is comparatively thin—qualities one cannot ascribe to such trees as horse chestnut, beech or sycamore.

There are, of course, rhododendrons which, as in most large genera, are uncertain, coy and hard to please, and which, therefore, need a certain amount of humoring. And there are some, I am afraid, of which it is difficult to ascertain what kind of humoring they want. There is *R. Souliei*, for instance, wayward, reluctant and beautiful—I fear that there are as yet few who have found out the secret of making it happy. Fortunately, these are exceptions, and although the peculiarities of a goodly number of the new species coming in from China are going to add to the anxieties of cultivating very comprehensive collections, most people can get sufficient of what is best in the genus to satisfy their desires by providing a few simple conditions. These are, chiefly, a clean, sweet, moist soil, pure air, and an avoidance of bleak, exposed positions.

There used to be an idea, generally held, that a peaty soil was essential for nearly all rhododendrons. I still think that, on the whole, it is best. The fact that the great rhododendron nurseries have established themselves on such a soil seems to point to that. But, after thirty years' experience with them, I believe a warm, open sandy loam is very nearly as good. And we have evidence that they thrive very well indeed in a heavier, more clayey soil, provided it is well drained, well worked, broken up and lightened with peat and leaf humus. The recommendation of leaf humus in the soil needs some qualification. My experience in growing rhododendrons has been confined almost entirely to soils which are light and sandy. In such soils I have never seen anything but advantage derived from the use of leaf soil. But it must be genuine leaf soil, and sufficiently decayed to be capable of being finely broken up and thoroughly incorporated with the staple soil. Half-decayed leaves dumped wholesale into the ground are apt to turn sour or mouldy and may be some years before they resolve into good plant food. In that state, also, they are apt to make the soil "puffy" and incapable of becoming firm and close as rhododendrons like it. In heavy soils the disadvantages of using leaves in this indigestible state are much more marked, and rhododendrons are no doubt better without them. There is, however, nothing to be said against the use of leaves in any state of decomposition on the surface of the ground above the roots—that is, as a mulching. Their continual exposure to the atmosphere prevents them from becoming sour, and they conserve moisture so well that rhododendrons are, by their help, much better equipped for getting through a period of summer drought. The happiest rhododendrons are those whose lower branches rest on the ground and shade their own roots.

Rhododendrons love a virgin soil. So far as I have seen, they dislike very much long cultivated garden soil, black and rich with generations of manuring and vegetable growing.

With these and one other exception there is scarcely any well drained soil that may not with little trouble be made to suit ordinary rhododendrons. That other exception, however, is a large one, and includes all soils which are heavily impregnated with lime, chalk or allied calcareous substances. The relationship or the antagonism of rhododendrons to lime is, however, a question that needs further elucidation. Mr. George Forrest, who has been collecting now for a good many years in North Burma and China, has found many species growing on limestone, and has always been emphatic in his view that many species will thrive on that formation. Those who attended his lecture



RHODODENDRON YUNNANENSE.



RHODODENDRON OCHROLEUCUM.



RHODODENDRON CAMPYLOCARPUM (FLOWERS YELLOW).

before the Royal Horticultural Society some years ago will remember the pictures he showed on the screen of rhododendrons whose roots were right down in the white limestone. Mr. Reginald Farrer, too, has testified in the most unqualified manner to the association of rhododendrons with this soil formation on the mountains of Western China. There are, of course, different kinds of limestone. In this country it occurs most commonly as chalk, to which it has long been proved that the older rhododendrons in cultivation have a most decided objection. Mr. A. Grove, in his garden on the chalk hills of Berkshire, is experimenting

with several of the newer Chinese species. I saw them two or three years ago, and there could be no doubt that a good number had up to then succeeded very well. The best I noted were Davidsonianum, micranthum, Augustinii, ambiguum, Hanceanum, Wiltonii and rubiginosum. *R. calophytum*, one of the most magnificent of Chinese species, had made very good growth, although at that time it was rather yellow. Others which gave promise of success were *haematodes*, *adenogynum* and *longistylum*. *R. rupiculum* is another new species that is thriving well in lime.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Dr. John Fothergill and His Friends, by R. Hingston Fox, M.D. (Macmillan.)

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN said of Mr. John Fothergill, "I can hardly believe that a better man has ever existed." One would be inclined to believe this if no other evidence were available except the portrait of the great eighteenth century physician. The fine eyes and large, handsome mouth with the curve of humour combined to give an appearance of integrity and benevolence to a face fine in every way from the intellectual forehead to the chin. But it is curious to think that this great doctor was a contemporary of the novelists and wits, who were never tired of holding the medical man of the time up to ridicule as a quack and a humbug. Fielding led the way, perhaps because he had observed the class closely in his native Somerset, and partly because he was saturated with the often bitter caricature and satire of Lesage, who heaped as much ridicule upon the medical men of his time as Molière did himself. It may have been the cleverness and bite of these attacks gave momentum to the serious study of medicine. At any rate, John Fothergill was a man who would have been considered enlightened in any clime or any age, and his life is well worth the attention of those who have been attracted to the eighteenth century chiefly by its literary figures.

Fothergill, absorbed in his practice and in his studies, did not come very much into contact with the celebrities of the age in which he lived, and from the social point of view that makes his life much more worthy of attention. His biographer, Dr. Hingston Fox, is naturally inclined to dwell on his professional achievements, and in regard to the century in which he lived he accepts Carlyle's caustic comment, "soul extinct, stomach well alive." He dwells on the formalism in art and literature, the artificiality of the wit that sparkled in conversation and letters, but he praises "the strong and stately English prose of which Johnson was only the chief among many ministers." We are not here concerned with literary criticism, so it is scarcely worth while to point out that the stateliness cultivated by Johnson has long passed out of fashion, and when one speaks of the prose of the eighteenth century it is the narrative prose, that of Fielding, Sterne, Richardson and the exquisitely simple essay style of Addison. Dr. Fox is on firm ground when he points out that Fothergill as a physician brought into medical science a new spirit of natural medicine, while as a man of science he extended the boundaries of knowledge in many directions.

The student of humanity will be content to consider him as a doctor and Quaker of the eighteenth century. Like many other great men, he sprang from yeoman stock. He was born in a little farmhouse called Carr End, not far from the lake of Semerwater, into which a stream pours the waters gathered from the hills above. This house was the property of the Fothergill family for nearly two hundred years until it was sold in 1841. It was such a yeoman's dwelling as is found in many other parts of England. The health of body and simplicity of mind which characterised Fothergill to the end of his days must have been in a large measure developed by his solitary wanderings over the dells and fells in the neighbourhood. The district is that of Wensleydale, or Wensdale as it is called in the old ballad of "Flodden Field," in which is the passage

With lusty lads, and large of length,
Which dwelt at Seimer water side.

George Fox visited the neighbourhood in 1652, and to his teaching may be attributed the spread of Quakerism. The father of the doctor was another John Fothergill, who was born in 1675. He began life by taking charge of the

farm and of a motherless family at eighteen years of age, but later he was able to give most of his time to religious visits, at first near home and then further away. Three times he visited the American Colonies. At Mattocks in Virginia, in 1721, he was at a meeting at Justice Washington's, the grandfather of George Washington, who was born eleven years later. He died in 1744. In the care and the education of the future doctor much had been due to Thomas Hough, his uncle. After some years at the Grammar School, he went, at the age of sixteen, to Bradford to be apprenticed to an eminent Friend apothecary, Benjamin Bartlett. The seven years' indenture provided that he "his master well and faithfully shall serve; his secrets shall keep; taverns he shall not haunt; at dice, cards, tables, bowls or any other unlawful games he shall not play," while the employer covenanted to teach him "the art, trade, mystery or occupation of an apothecary" and to provide him with sufficient food, drink, washing and lodging.

After six of the seven years of this apprenticeship Fothergill made up his mind to go to Edinburgh University. As a Dissenter the Universities of England were closed to him, and the medical training given there was not adapted to his needs. His grandfather left £120 towards the cost of his education, and so, like many a student of those times, Fothergill mounted his horse with £20 in his pocket and set off to become a student in Auld Reekie. The journey took him three days, and he spent 7s. 6d., and obtained 4 guineas from the sale of his horse.

Edinburgh was then, as now, a famous school for doctors. The organisation had only been completed for ten years and was due to Alexander Monro, one of the three men of that name who between them held the Chair of Anatomy at Edinburgh for the continuity of the long period of 126 years. Around Monro had been gathered five doctors of the College of Physicians—Rutherford, Alston, Sinclair, Plummer and Innes. All had been students at Leyden under the celebrated Boerhaave.

After taking his degree Fothergill came to London, where he lived in Gracechurch Street. After two years of hospital training he decided to remain in London, where the greater part of his life was passed. He had his own struggle at the beginning, but at the age of thirty-six was established in one of the largest physician practices in the capital. Though his aim was never that of money-getting, his income in London seems to have amounted to some £5,000 a year. It enabled him later on to acquire Lea Hall, a country house about four miles distant from Crewe. Here he would retire for two months of the year, leaving his London clients to the care of others, and busied himself with his correspondence, his botany, and the affairs of the Society of Friends. But all the time he was devoting a great deal of his attention to the healing of the sick poor, for which he would accept no payment. He was never married, and thus no other interest conflicted with his devotion to medical science and philanthropy. Dr. Norman Moore sums up his medical career in these words: "His works procured him a widespread reputation on the Continent and in America, as well as at home, and he will always remain an important representative of the naturalistic and anti-scholastic tendencies of English medicine in the latter half of the eighteenth century."

During all his career his influence was exerted firmly and yet kindly and unaggressively against the favourite nostrums of his day, namely, bleeding and the use of multiple drugs. On one or two occasions he is brought into contact with historical events. The rebellion of 1745 is mostly familiar to us as associated with the fortunes of the young Chevalier. Here it is put on a different footing.

FINANCIAL RESULTS AT METHWOLD

LAST week we summarised the Report of the Committee of Tenant Farmers, Land Agents and Landowners, appointed on January 11th last, to report on the light lands of Norfolk. This report was almost despairing in tone. It showed that, taking the lowest cost of production, there was a loss of 14s. 6½d. an acre on growing wheat at the controlled price, a trivial profit of 1s. 9d. on barley, and a profit of 17s. 3½d. and 15s. 3½d. respectively on oats and rye. The Committee evidently did not know what to do with the light land. On

it the Norfolk four-course system does not give adequate results. The plan of preparing for cereals by roots and sheep has broken down. In the course of the report the following reference is made to the reclamation at Methwold: "The experimental farm on the Duchy of Lancaster Estate, near Methwold, was interesting but not instructive, as no report or statement of accounts appears to be available to the public." By a curious coincidence a printed statement of accounts reached us on the very day the article was published. It will be studied with very great interest, not only by Norfolk farmers, but by others throughout Great Britain. The figures compare very strangely with those collected by the Committee. Dr. Edwards is not the man to advance any claim beyond what can be substantiated. He is prone rather to undervalue than to overvalue his efforts, and his comment on the figures should be considered from that point of view. The net gain for four years of cultivation amounted to £3,573, which he says may be considered the actual cash result of four years' work on an immemorial warren. He is not in sympathy with game preserving, and says that "the crops are in reality the salvage from game, vermin and pigeons which have

increased greatly since cultivation began and are sheltered around the whole area." That was one of the handicaps which were imposed on his efforts. The other was that no one concerned with it lived within a mile or two, and there was not sufficient accommodation for horses, pigs, fowls and tools.

He does not say anything about the quality of the labour, but agriculturists will draw their own inference when they know that it was to a large extent casual. Whether this class of land will bear the increased expense necessary is a matter to be decided, but, in his opinion, with the right kind of cultivation there is every reason to expect that it will. At any rate, the results prove that he has a real claim to attention, and that the pundits, as he calls them, were very far out when they ridiculed the idea of cultivating these "rotten" lands. If the country had been alive to the possibilities of dealing with the waste areas in Norfolk and Suffolk, estimated between 150,000 acres and 200,000

acres, many million pounds' worth of food would have been produced from them during war-time. That, at any rate, is incontrovertible. Even under pre-war conditions the Committee which have been in charge of the Methwold work show that a reasonable profit would have been made. We must notice a valuable suggestion

thrown out by Dr. Edwards in his comment on the figures. He says "an interesting and probably profitable experiment now would be to test how dairy work would succeed on these lands."

But now let us look at the actual figures for each crop. We begin with wheat:

	Acres.	Cost of Cropping.	Cost per Acre.	Yield. Total per Acre.	Receipts. Total.	Receipts. per Acre.	Profit.	Per Acre.
1914-15 Wheat	17½	£ 89	£ s. d. 4 12 0	536 30.6	194	£ s. d. 11 2 0	£ 113	£ s. d. 6 9 5
1915-16 "	20	128	6 8 6	860 43.	404	20 2 0	275	13 15 0
1916-17 "	26	174	6 13 10	492 19.	268	10 6 0	94	3 12 2
1917-18 "	26	226	8 15 0	556 40.½	405	15 11 0	179	6 17 9
" Smutty	12½			?				

The following marginal notes are needed to elucidate the force of the figures. In 1916-17 much corn was shed. The queries opposite 1917-18 under the headings "total yield" and "yield per acre" simply refer to the fact that in April, 1919, when this account was made out, twelve acres had not been threshed, and they are estimated at 24 bushels at 7s. 6d. a bushel. The cost of manures for wheat was £124 7s. 9d., or £4 15s. an acre. It will be noticed that the cost per acre rose from £4 12s. in the first year to £8 15s. in the fourth. It is given as £7 9s. 5d. on the B farms of the Committee's report, these having holdings of 1,050 acres, of which about one half is heath. They are not so bad as the Methwold barren, but bad enough in all conscience. The cost approximates to that at Methwold, but the returns are much worse on the cultivated land—£6 8s. 10d. as compared with £15 11s. The price is, of course, a good criterion, because it was controlled. We give the corresponding figures for the other crops.

	Acres.	Cost of Cropping.	Cost per Acre.	Yield. Total per Acre.	Receipts. Total.	Receipts. per Acre.	Profit.	Per Acre.
1914-15 Oats	20½	£ 87	£ s. d. 4 4 6	624 30.4	126	£ s. d. 5 3 0	£ 39	£ s. d. 1 18 6
1915-16 "	14	88	6 6 5	884 63.1	251	16 10 0	163	11 12 4
1916-17 "	15	103	6 17 5	360 24.	141	9 8 0	38	2 11 0
1917-18 "	18	147	8 3 0	792 44.	361	14 10 0	114	6 7 0
1914-15 Peas, blue, mostly hand picked	35	180	5 2 8	456 13.	339	9 14 0	160	4 11 2
1915-16 "	39	386	9 18 2	840 21.5	1,162	29 17 0	775	19 17 7
1916-17 "	35	433	12 7 10	452 12.9	872	24 15 0	438	12 10 7
1917-18 "	34	468	13 15 0	788 23.2	868	23 4 0	400	11 15 0
Tons.								
1914-15 Potatoes	45	555	12 6 7	224 5.	958	21 5 0	403	8 19 0
1915-16 "	40	580	14 9 10	146 3.6	1,541	38 10 0	961	24 0 6
1916-17 "	50	1,025	20 9 10	205 4.1	1,102	22 0 0	77	1 11 10
1917-18 "	48	1,030	21 10 0	120 2.5	840	17 10 0	(190 loss)	(4 loss)
1914-15 Roots	4	36	9 0 0	30 7.3	40	10 0 0	4	0 15 9
1915-16 "	4½	55	12 18 10	40 9.4	77	18 2 0	22	8 16 0
1916-17 "	9½	173	18 4 4	150 15.8	232	24 8 0	59	6 4 3
1917-18 "	9	272	30 4 5	90 10.	288	32 0 0	16	1 15 0
1915-18 Lucerne and Sanfoin .8 acres 3 years								
..7 " 4 "	88	243	2 17 0	53½ hay	330	3 15 0	87	1 0 0
12 " 3 "				19 green				
		6,469			10,699		4,227	

The cost of manures for the oats amounted to £74 13s. 6d., or £4 3s. per acre. The cost of cultivation was £8 3s. per acre, compared with £5 15s. 4½d., on the Committee's accounts, which would appear to show that they saved on their manure bill and that it was not a good economy. The other crops are not comparable, because the Committee give the cost of barley, oats and rye, which Dr. Edwards did not grow, and Dr. Edwards gives the figures relating to peas, potatoes and roots, lucerne and sainfoin, which they do not give.

Now let us take the summary of the four years' results.

	Acres.	Cost of Cropping.	Cost per Acre.	Total Receipts.
Brought forward		6,469		10,699
1913-15 Reclamation	158	880	5 11 0	9,693
Stock, buildings at cost, less depreciation	—	787	—	1,006
Five years' administration, rent, insurance, depreciation, etc.	—	1,557	—	787
Total expenditure to July 31st, 1918, plus expenses of harvest and marketing, etc., 1918 crops	—	9,693	—	400
			Gain.	1,380
				£3,573

It must be admitted to be a marvellously good result, the gain being £3,573 after deducting £880 for the expenses of reclamation.

SALE OF TWENTY ACRES AT BERKELEY SQUARE

LORD BERKELEY'S BARGAIN WITH SIR MARCUS SAMUEL.

SOMETHING more than a mere coincidence caused us to ask in COUNTRY LIFE a week ago: "Who can doubt that a start has seriously been made in a general movement on the part of large London ground landlords to divest themselves of at least a portion of their London lands?" We had good grounds for believing that a transaction of unparalleled magnitude was in course of completion, and to-day there is no longer any reason for reticence. Sir Marcus Samuel, Bart., has bought from Lord Berkeley the Berkeley Square estate of fully twenty acres in the centre of Mayfair.

The fact is so stupendous that it hardly needs any comment. No deal of similar importance in London landed estate has ever been announced before, and yet we add with some confidence that the near future may witness equally important events of the same nature.

So many aspects of the matter crowd upon the mind's eye that it is best, perhaps, to content ourselves with a plain statement of the facts, and afterwards, in the limited space at our disposal, to advert very briefly to a few general considerations that are relevant to the subject.

EXTENT OF THE ESTATE.

Everyone knows Mayfair, and those who know most of its rich and varied history most prize it, while to all Londoners the air of wealth and fashion about its hundreds of magnificent mansions, its wide and straight streets, and its equally pleasant winding and *strait* ones suggest that solid comfort and elegance which give London a charm unmatched in any other capital of the world. The twenty acres comprised in the contract that was exchanged this week include Berkeley Square or the greater portion of it, with Audley Square, Charles Street, Hill Street, Berkeley Street, Bruton Street, Bruton Place, John Street, fee farm rents in Stratton Street, and other property—compact rectangular blocks of the most valuable residential district in existence. The value as a freehold in possession has been estimated at a couple of millions sterling for the sites only, and of the houses a rough valuation would not err at three millions. Of course the deal is really in freehold ground rents, and the deferred value, enormous as it must be, far exceeds the amount, princely as it is, involved in the immediate purchase.

SAFEGUARDING THE FUTURE OF MAYFAIR.

In one very important respect the transaction rather differs in its consequences from what has been, we might almost say, apprehended, in regard to such matters. The estate has passed into the hands of a man whose position and reputation obviate the fear that—quoting ourselves a week ago—"comprehensive control and management of large areas, on the whole for the good of the general body of lessees, will be a thing of the past, and only the operation of statutory enactments will stand between the public and experiments in 'sky-scrapers' and other schemes for exploiting to the utmost the sites which are sold."

Sir Marcus Samuel, it is understood, intends to entrust the management of the estate to the firm of Messrs. Wm. Grogan and Boyd, by whom, in conjunction with Messrs. Curtis and Henson, the sale was effected. That in itself is a full guarantee of the preservation of the amenities of the Berkeley Square estate. Even if it were all at the purchaser's disposal to do as he liked with it to-morrow, instead of being, as it is, largely or entirely leasehold with unexpired terms, the lessees and Londoners in general—to whom, as we have indicated, the character of Mayfair is of importance—might rest assured that its future would be as solicitously considered as it could be by the oldest and best ground landlord who has ever had the good fortune to control the destinies of a vast area of the heart of the West End. If London land is to be sold by its present owners, we can desire nothing better than that it should pass into the hands of men of the standing and personal repute of Sir Marcus Samuel. It is an open secret that during the recent troublous years of war Sir Marcus rendered inestimable services to the country, and that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty conveyed to him in cordial terms their thanks for all that he did at a critical period. His foresight and determination, backed by his great resources, provided the country with certain essentials of victory, and if to-day, in buying the Berkeley estate, he has shown an equally sound judgment—and we believe that he has—then the fact is full of happy import for the future of London, and will embolden other capitalists to seek for openings in a similar direction.

Let us conclude this part of our comments by a *résumé* of the London landed market to date. The Berkeley Square estate is sold; Lord Camden is about to dispose of a large portion of his Camden Town estate; extensive blocks of the Southampton estate at Euston terminus are for sale; Lord Portman is selling several acres a little farther along the Marylebone Road, and a large estate in South Hackney is in the market. The list will do to go on with, and all we want to see, if for any reason the individual lessees are not able to buy their holdings, is that the

land passes to buyers who will have due regard for the welfare of London, because it is idle to deny that those who own and control large areas of land do not lack the opportunity of very materially influencing the sound development of our great metropolis.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Of the Berkeley Square estate it is impossible for us to say more at the moment, great as the temptation is to enlarge on its fascinating history. Socially, politically, and artistically its past is imposing, and if anyone wanted proof of its present importance let him run through the Court Directory, and see who occupy the town mansions in and around Berkeley Square. As long ago as the seventeenth century the purchase money of certain estates in or adjacent to Mayfair ran into tens of thousands of pounds. Evelyn and Pepys and a host of others, among them Pope, Sheridan and Walpole, have written of various aspects of it, and memorable scenes in our political history have been enacted within its borders. We must refrain from attempting to touch on them, and leave the announcement of the present sale to speak for itself. Hardly a street thereabouts has not some notable persons, either among its past or its present residents, and *notabilia* in abundance.

PRIVATE SALES OF COUNTRY HOUSES.

The fine old Georgian residence Hill House, Stanmore, and five acres have been sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, whose private sales also include the old-fashioned Frilford House at Abingdon, with 12 acres, and Gurrington House and 30 acres at Ashburton. Messrs. Richards and Son of Wimborne announce that the mansion and 29 acres of the Parkhorners estate have found a buyer privately, and that the rest of the property, eight small lots, will come under the hammer on June 4th, according to previous arrangements.

With the exception of Lark Hill, a detached house, the whole of the Thrifts Hall estate, Theydon Bois, has been sold by Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks, embracing about 166 acres. The purchase money amounts to £20,735. Twelve of the fifteen houses on the Palewell Park estate, East Sheen, have also been disposed of by the same firm for a total of over £6,000.

Messrs. Harrods (Limited) are selling country houses very readily in private negotiation, their latest lists including Domons, a quaint old place with 12 acres, at Bratton Clovelly, near Okehampton; Underfield, Elstree and 6 acres; Sherrards, an old-fashioned mansion with 10 acres; a modern residence at Merstham, The Corner House, with gardens of an acre; and the old Queen Anne house and 3 acres at Petersham, known as Montrose House.

The Herefordshire mansion and 60 acres Thinghill, Withington, has changed hands privately through Messrs. Osborn and Mercer.

A REMARKABLE RECORD OF SALES.

During the last few days there has been a larger proportion of sales, compared to the volume of property on offer, than has been recorded for some years. Withdrawals have been not more than 25 per cent., a complete reversal of what has at various periods prevailed. Diana Lodge, a Grantham freehold, has been sold for £1,600 by Mr. J. C. Platt, who, by the way, has a local mart at Hammersmith, where he is most successful in dealing with West London property.

Portions of the Thorndon estate at Mountnessing, Essex, 379 acres, realised £11,950, through Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons. Nearly £2,000 was secured by Messrs. Weatherall and Green for Hemel Hempstead houses, and they have also sold a City leasehold in Mark Lane for £10,000. It may be said that City investments are outside the purview of COUNTRY LIFE, but that is a mistaken notion. Either as owners of such securities or as possible investors, our readers need to know and to follow what is doing in that section of the market.

Ground rents, again, are an important department of activity, and are meeting with a good demand at improving prices. Suburban estates with good frontages likely to be required for building, which will have to be resumed at no distant date, are meeting with a very favourable reception, a case in point being Messrs. Hampton and Sons' sale of Cholmley Lodge and 5½ acres at West Hampstead (Fortune Green Road) for £18,000. Messrs. Dann and Lucas, who are shortly offering Bark-Hart and other portions of Sir William Hart Dyke's Lullingstone estate in the Orpington district, have just sold nearly 60 acres at Stone and Darenth for £2,500, and Dartford freeholds for £7,100. Tonbridge properties, four houses and about 15 acres, have changed hands, through Messrs. Denyer and Rumball, for £6,105.

Hilders Court estate at Chiddingfold, 58½ acres, realised £14,000 under the hammer of Messrs. A. Burtenshaw and Son, at Hailsham. Ivy Cottage, with two acres at Minster, Kent, for £1,300 is one of many lots sold by Messrs. Veaton, Cooper and Co. for a total of over £5,000.

Messrs. Kriglt, Frank and Rutley, who have just disposed of the South Wraxhall estate, Wilts, 1,159 acres, for £42,000, have also sold ground rents and other investments in the vicinity of Kennington Oval for a total of £6,650.

ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

WAR PICTURES FOR MEMORIAL WINDOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In one of your recent issues an invitation was extended for suggestions for suitable war memorials. Taking for granted that a non-utilitarian scheme has been decided upon, one of the first essentials is that of suitable surroundings for the memorial. In a great number of instances no proper site is available for the erection of Calvaries, statues, obelisks, etc.; but, on the other hand, every place has its church, which naturally affords all the appropriate settings for the purpose. I suggest a stained glass window, immediately below the whole width of which a marble slab be inserted in the wall, in which be engraved and gilt the roll of honour. Instead of the window portraying Biblical or allegorical subjects, I suggest war scenes set in modern surroundings. Each section of the window might contain a separate subject—there is an infinite variety from which to select. The mud of Flanders, the mountains of Gallipoli and Salonica, and the sun and sand of Sinai and Mesopotamia would form appropriate settings. There is no reason why the scenes should be restricted to actual fighting subjects. The local war effort might be expressed by representations of hospital work, munition manufacture, shipbuilding, etc. The full horrors of war need not be emphasised; but, on the other hand, it is only right that people should realise what war really is. For this reason it would be necessary for the scenes to be absolutely true to life, and not merely the reflection of the fertile imagination of an uninitiated artist. I fear the novelty of the suggestion may induce some opposition; but supposing the Church already contained a stained glass window depicting the struggle in the Napoleonic wars? In the light of to-day it would appear to be quite in harmony with the building. How interesting to us such a window would be, and how it would grip our attention and force us, perhaps unconsciously, to remember those who fought, and particularly those who fell. A cold marble tablet, on the other hand, in all probability would leave us unmoved, as would also a window representing David slaying Goliath. Thus the whole object of the memorial would be lost, as is too often the case.—H. C. WOLTON.

THE WYKEHAMIST MEMORIAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Writing from overseas, might I add a protest, though "tardy" (*Wiccamidè*), to those which you have printed? At a time not remarkable for architectural genius one might well deprecate the whole policy of attempting any huge architectural expression of the memorial idea. But the distressing point is that what evidently appeals to its originators as an inspired conception, justifying wholesale removal of all things, new and old, that stand in its way, appears to others of us, not unaccustomed to architectural contemplation, to be both alien to the tradition of the place and strangely remote from the spirit of the men whom it would commemorate. As to the structures included, is a cloister anything more than a belated attempt to resuscitate for spectacular purposes what in its own age was a practical utility but in ours a lifeless anachronism? If, as it would seem, a stately hall would enrich the school life, by all means build one, and inscribe in it the names of the fallen. But if classrooms are needed it should be the duty of the School Authority to provide them, without utilising the memory of the dead for catchpenny purposes. The pomposity, wastefulness and materialism of the whole scheme seem discordant with the spirit of self-effacement and service of the men who fought and fell.—A CEYLON WYKEHAMIST.

A PRATINCOLE'S NEST IN HAMPSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Concerning your correspondent's note of a pratincole nesting in Hampshire, I think he should, before it is too late, obtain the evidence of other competent observers as to its identity. I have suffered myself from the scepticism of fellow ornithologists, and if this record is a true one it will be very poor comfort to your correspondent to read in future works on ornithology: "Said to have nested in Hants: authenticity very doubtful." Not only is there no record of either species of pratincole on the British list nesting in Great Britain, but there is not even one for Northern Europe! The collared pratincole (*Glareola pratincola*) has only occurred twenty-four times in Great Britain, being an inhabitant of Southern Europe, including the Mediterranean countries. The black-winged or Nordmann's pratincole (*G. Nordmanni*), an inhabitant of South-Eastern Europe, has only occurred four times in Britain. I do not wish to be sceptical, but with all due respect to your correspondent I venture to think that he is mistaken.—H. W. ROBINSON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is to be feared that the nesting of the pratincole in Hampshire, reported in *COUNTRY LIFE* of May 24th, requires confirmation. Six undoubted pratincole eggs now before me vary in ground colour from pale citron yellow to pale slate, being richly marbled over with dark brown. They are very fragile and rounded at both ends, thus bearing little resemblance to the set of eggs resembling those of the little tern, "but more pointed like those of a plover," described by your correspondent.—GRAHAM RENSHAW.

GIFFORD'S HALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know whether the writer of the article on Gifford's Hall is aware that some former tenants of the house, when Mr. Seymour Lucas owned it, the Young Hunters, also artists, spent all their leisure hours in removing the paint from the wainscot. It was to them a labour of love, but any history of the old place ought to record such a vast work, as it was done very carefully with a sharp knife and, I believe, took them two or three years. I remember seeing the place in its original condition twenty years ago and once or twice during their occupation of it, and consider the work most praiseworthy.—E. FARRER, F.S.A.

NOW IS THE TIME TO KILL—WASPS!

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having read your correspondent's letter urging the killing of queen wasps, I thought you might be interested to know of our experiences in the matter. The garden here (Surrey), with a small pond, covers about four acres. In the first week of May, 1916, noticing several queen wasps about, three of us, armed with large butterfly nets, set out to catch as many as possible. By about the second week in June we had accounted for 1,007, the largest individual "bag" for one day being ninety-eight. Of course, to arrive at this large total we had to search thoroughly, and we spent a good time each day in the garden with our butterfly nets. The next year, 1917, although we searched as carefully as before, only yielded seventeen, and in 1918 we caught about forty. This year the queens seem rather more numerous again, as up to date (May 25th) we have caught 203. We find by far the greatest number of wasps on laurels, and they are also to be found on rhododendrons, chestnut trees, and on the banks of the pond, the latter evidently being a favourite nesting place.—P. A. O.

CARVINGS ON HEREFORDSHIRE CHURCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your paper of last week I saw an illustration of the lintel of the north door of Bredwardine Church, Herefordshire. Having been at one time vicar of the parish for twenty-nine years, perhaps it would be of interest to your readers to know some explanations of the figures which are there depicted. In a paper read by the Rev. Greville J. Chester, and which was printed in the *Archæological Journal*, Vol. 47, page 140, he says, referring to the right-hand figure: "I at once recognised it as a representation of Bes or Besa, the Typhon of the Greeks. The other on the left that of a cynocephalous ape, the emblem of the lunar gods Khonsa or Khons and Thoth, to whom he was held sacred. It is a curious fact that in an English church of the twelfth century there should be found sculptures representing one or probably two Egyptian religious subjects, which were probably copied from some amulet brought by the sculptor himself or by some friend from Egypt." On the other hand, a nephew of mine, on leave from Southern India, considered them to be representations of the two lesser divinities of India—Hanuman, the Monkey God, and Ganesh, the Elephant God. And certainly from the silver models, which he had made for me of these two gods a strong resemblance can be seen. Perhaps some one of your readers may be able to give some other explanation.—H. T. WILLIAMSON.

CURIOSITIES OF CRICKET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is a book entitled the "Somerset Cricket Score Book" which is little known probably to the majority of cricketers and less to the general public. It gives in some detail a great number of cricket records and curiosities. Such things are recorded as a man's beard being tied in a knot by a ball in the earlier days of cricket. Later on one finds a wonderful performance of that great cricketer Mr. S. M. J. Woods in his schooldays hitting the wicket eight times in the days of the four-ball over. I cannot remember at the moment how many no-balls there were and how many times he hit the stumps without removing the ball. After even a cursory study of it one would be inclined to say that there is nothing in cricket that may happen that has not happened before. Curiously enough, the book emanates from Sussex, its originator being that very keen cricketer Mr. A. F. Somerset, and, no doubt, if another edition is published the recent occurrence in the Sussex and Somerset match at Taunton will be recorded, as, indeed, some other records which have happened since the book appeared. One not generally known may be mentioned in passing. It was made by one of the best of present-day amateur golfers, who was a cricketer of distinction and had represented Oxford. In club cricket near Rye he played an innings of 72 made up of eighteen fours. Curiously enough, he was, and is, very fond of the Rye Golf Course, and he may, for all I know, have held the amateur record of it at the time. Whether the occurrence in the Somerset and Sussex match is without precedent I cannot say, but I believe it to be so in first-class cricket. Briefly, as far as one can read, for I was not present on the occasion, what happened was this: The match was a tie with one remaining Sussex batsman, Mr. Heygate, to come in. He was suffering from an injury and had not fielded in the previous innings, and, in fact, had changed into ordinary clothes. It had looked as if Sussex were going to win. Then three wickets went down in quick succession, and with nine men out it was a tie. Mr. Heygate then came out to bat, but the interval between the time the ninth wicket fell and the time he reached the wicket was some four minutes. Law 45 states distinctly "That they (the umpires) shall allow two minutes for each striker to come in and ten minutes between each innings. When they shall call play, the side refusing to play shall lose the match." Some of the fielding side appealed, and one of the umpires then pulled up the stumps and declared the match a tie. Law 45 may not have been put into force on many occasions, if at all, when the batsman has exceeded the time, but are there any cases recorded of an appeal being made? Umpiring at all games is a pretty thankless task, and the umpire at cricket is often in an unenviable position. Certainly in this case he was so, for he was called upon suddenly to adjudicate on a position as far as one knows unprecedented, and his view one supposes in the circumstances was that he should administer the rules according to the letter. Perhaps Mr. Heygate's injury made it advisable or even imperative for him to put on pads—I am presuming he did wear pads, as nothing is stated—but if his injury did not necessitate pads surely this was a needless waste of time. There are famous cricketers of other days still living who never wore pads, and they played bowling just as fast as there is to-day on rougher wickets. It will be most interesting to see the M.C.C.'s decision on the question.—E. B. NOEL.

AN OLD BUILDER'S MAXIMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Among our old books I have come upon one, date 1736, called "The City and Country Purchasers and Builder's Dictionary, etc." Now that the subject of house-building is being particularly considered Dr. T. F.'s maxims "for contrivance in Buildings" may be of interest. "Light (God's eldest Daughter) is a principal Beauty in Buildings, Yet it Shines not a little from all Parts of the Heavens. An East Window Gives the earliest Beams of the Sun before they are of Strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a Sluggard. A South-Window in Summer is a Chimney with a Fire in it and needs to be Screen'd by a Curtain. In a West Window in Summer-time towards Night the Sun grows Low and over Familiar with more Light than Delight. A North-Window is Best for Butteries and Cellars, because the Beer will be Sour if the Sun smiles on it. . . . As for Receipt, a House had better be too little for a Day, than too great for a Year, and 'Tis easier borrowing of your Neighbour a brace of Chambers for a Night than a Bag of Money for a Twelve-Month. It is Vanity, therefore, to proportion the Receipt to an extraordinary occasion; as those who by over-building their Houses, have impoverished their Lands, and their Estates have been Pressed to Death under the Weight of their House. As for Strength, Country Houses must be Substantial—able to stand by themselves, not like City Buildings supported by their Neighbours on each Side. By strength I mean such as may Resist Weather and Time, Castles being out of date in England only on the Sea Coast. . . . As for Beauty, Let not the Front look asquint on a Stranger, but accost him right at his Entrance. . . . 'Tis observed that Freestone, like a fair Complexion, sooner waxes old whilst

Bricks keep their Beauty longest."—
ALICE HUGHES

THE GRAPPLE PLANT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows the fruit of the grapple plant (*Harpagophyton procumbens*) of South Africa attached to the foot of a sheep. These



A SHEEP'S FOOT CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

terrible fruits often cripple animals badly, as owing to the curved hooks, they are exceedingly difficult to dislodge. Creatures so crippled not uncommonly fall victims to lions.—S. LEONARD BASTIN.

UNCHANGING INDIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In view of the unscrupulous agitation of the extremists in favour of Home Rule for India, the enclosed photograph, taken in the Mahratta country, 300 miles south of Bombay, may interest your readers. It gives some faint idea of how superficial the "progress" of India really is, how deeply conservatism is ingrained in the human heart. The screech of the educated Babu leaves the ryot cold; he hears not, and would not heed if he did. As he has done for a thousand years, he uses the patient cow or buffalo to express the sweet juice from his sugar cane, as shown in the picture, to till his fields or haul up water from the deep, square well. He sleeps in his little mat hut under the palm trees, away up in the quiet G-hâts, while the Babu thunders in Bombay, Calcutta or Madras; goes his own way, and sends his son to serve the King-Emperor, well content if the collector visits him during the sickness and helps him through a time of famine.—F. KINGDON WARD.

A UNIQUE FOSTER MOTHER.

[TO THE EDITOR]
SIR,—About fifteen years ago, when living at Haywards Heath, I had a long-haired Yorkshire terrier bitch, about eighteen months old, that had never had a litter of her own. Another member of

the household was a Persian cat. The two animals were never on friendly terms. Some two or three days after the cat had kitted the mother disappeared and was supposed to have been shot in the adjoining wood while poaching. Two kittens had been kept, and while an attempt was being made to hand feed them, the bitch Nellie showed much interest in the proceedings. My wife held out one of the kittens to her, and as she appeared to be fascinated with it, both kittens were given to her in a small kennel she occupied at the foot of the staircase. The kittens made persistent efforts to feed themselves, and Nellie had a strained and pathetic look on her face, as though she fully realised what was expected of her and was most anxious to meet their requirements. The following morning when I went downstairs I found she had an overflowing supply of milk. She looked after her charges with the greatest care, and although a very sweet-tempered animal, she on several occasions fiercely attacked strangers who attempted to touch the kittens. She mothered them until they were old enough to fend for themselves. The enclosed snapshots, taken at an interval of six or eight weeks, show how well they thrive. I asked a doctor friend who saw them if he had ever heard of a similar case. His reply was that well authenticated cases were so rare that I ought to report this one. Mr. T. Harrison Storm's letter is my reason for doing so now.—W. BOWLBY.



NELLIE AND HER FOSTER KITTENS.

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE Mr. T. Harrison Storm asks if anyone has ever met another "Unique Foster Mother." Many years ago I knew two terriers who lived together. One had never been bred from. Whenever her friend had a family she always managed to get one or, if a large litter, two away, which she adopted and nursed entirely. This may interest you.—A. TORRENS.

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A ROBBER OF TRAVELLER'S JOY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers could inform me through your columns what bird collects the seed of the traveller's joy, leaving the feathery part in a loose mass among the branches of the clematis or thorns. The seeds are evidently taken for food, as in all cases the pods are opened, but the reason of the fluff being collected in these masses would seem more difficult to ascertain.—D. C.

A CAT'S NINE LIVES IN THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The old adage that a "cat has nine lives" has proved true in the case of Daisy. Daisy is a French cat, and was found by her master—a Tommy. She has followed him in all his marches, sleeping nestled up comfortably under his great coat. She has been to Serbia. Once she was dug out of the snow frozen as stiff as a board. Another time, curled up in one of the dug-outs,

a soldier coming in with his great heavy boots did not see her, and trod on her. Poor Daisy was terribly hurt and her fur came off where the nailed boots had pressed. Once on a train journey Daisy got out of the window; immediately one of the men jumped out and Daisy was picked up unhurt. Curiously enough, Daisy has not grown, and when I saw her last, though two years old, was no bigger than a half-grown kitten. The last news I received of Daisy was that she had been suffering from shell shock and had been in a kind of stupor, but was now as fit and affectionate as ever.—G. W.

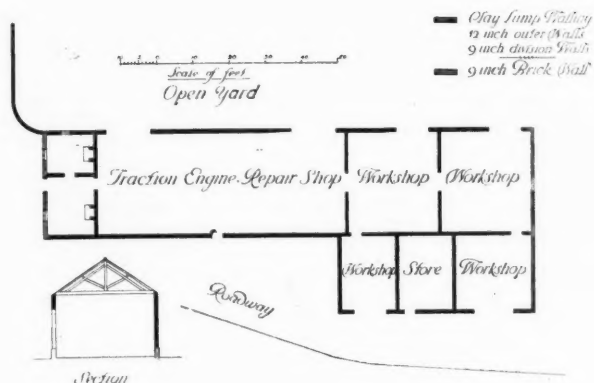
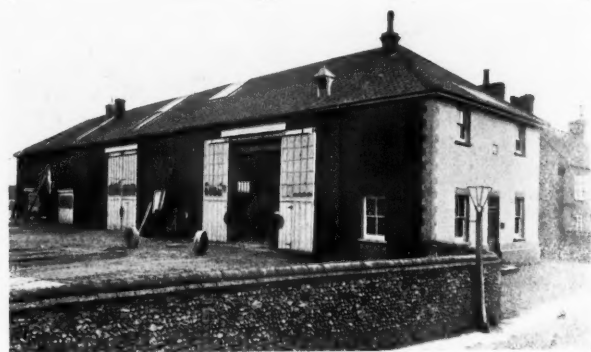


A WOODEN PRESS FOR SUGAR CANE.

CLAY LUMP AS A BUILDING MATERIAL

AT a time when the merits of building with local material are being put forward so convincingly; at a time, too, when bricks are so difficult to obtain and so expensive, it is of service to consider what can be done with clay lump as a building material. In *COUNTRY LIFE* for February 15th last I gave some particulars of this manner of building as seen in East Anglian cottages, and to the information already published may now be added some facts about clay lump buildings in the small town of East Harling in Norfolk, which abounds with such buildings. The accompanying illustrations show some typical examples.

Take first the engineering workshops (No. 1). These were built twenty years ago, and the exterior was tarred eight years ago. The plan shows the interior arrangement. The main shop is 68ft. 6ins. long, 27ft. 3ins. wide, and the walls are 17ft. high to the eaves. In and out this shop the heaviest traction engines constantly pass for repair, etc. The shops at the end are engineering workshops with the usual shafting, etc., of constantly running machinery. The walls are built on a brickwork base about 2ft. high, and are of clay lump only 12ins. thick, and the mortar was clay mortar. The inside partition walls are thinner



1.—Engineering workshops. Built twenty years ago. The walls are thoroughly sound, despite constant vibration, and are perfectly dry, except the brick face, which was added for effect.

CLAY LUMP BUILDINGS AT EAST HARLING, NORFOLK.

—only 9ins.—but these go up to the apex of the roof, which is 26ft. 6ins. from the floor. In the 12in. outside walls and these 9in. division walls wide doorways are cut. The building work itself was none too well done at the start, but I could not discover any trace of defect as the result of the use of this material. The traffic in the open yard in front, and in the roadway at the back, subjects the building to considerable outside vibration, and with this in mind it would be difficult to find a better illustration of the strength or stability of clay lump for walling. No one would be allowed to erect such a building with less than 14in. brickwork walling; indeed, the usual practice would be to have the brick walls 18ins. thick at least. No repairs have been necessary, and the interior is as dry as a bone. Where the clay lumps have been cut out of the walling to open fresh doorways and thrown on a heap in the yard, it has been found that when wanted for garden purposes the lumps had to be broken up with nothing less than a sledge hammer. By the irony of fate the 9in. brick wall built for “smartness” to the road has proved incurably damp. It has been painted outside and painted inside, but still has damp patches, while the humble clay lump is absolutely dry.

Illustration No. 2 shows the District Council's school building, now in use, though built originally as a corn hall about a hundred years ago. The lean-to and the right end portion beyond the rainwater pipe are additions in brickwork. The clay lump walls are plastered over and are in perfectly sound condition, and again it is a quite dry building—not beautiful perhaps (though a coat of lime or colour wash would work wonders with its appearance), but certainly a most useful little building.

Illustration No. 3 shows four street cottages of still older date built of clay lumps on a brick and flint stone base, and with the front plastered and panelled out in the characteristic work of the period. Unfortunately, the panelling is rather faintly depicted, but the ovals over the doorways can be deciphered. The two furthest cottages are of brick walling. Evidently the roof at one time was different: the disturbed state of the walling under the eaves proclaims this. No doubt it was a bold, steep-pitched thatched roof, like the roofs on many another building in the place. The gable end in the foreground has evidently been under repair or alteration. The piece of stable with loft over it, jammed into this first cottage, is



2.—Once Corn Hall, now Council School. Built about a hundred years ago. Still in sound condition and quite dry.



3.—A row of old street cottages: the front has been plastered and panelled out. In the upper part of the stable building seen in the foreground the clay lumps are shown exposed.

interesting as showing the bottom part of Fletton bricks and the upper of clay lumps left in their most rudimentary form, i.e., with the joints just trowelled over, and without any coating of any sort. This piece of walling was built twelve years ago. It is obvious that if panelling of this kind can be done in clay lump walling there is no limit to the possibilities of panel design for those who prefer it.

It is hoped that the foregoing will be of service in proving (1) the stability, (2) the durability, and (3) the artistic possibilities of building with clay lump.

With regard to the preparation of the material, it may be noted that the lumps, when made, are left about a week to dry partly as they lie; they are then firm enough to be turned up on edge and thus get another drying; and they are turned again if thought advantageous. Then they are stacked in rows, very similarly to ordinary bricks being sun and wind dried. The sun and wind do all the drying. It generally takes from six weeks to two months or more, dependent, of course, on weather conditions. The needed protection also is very similar to that for bricks, but a covering of straw is used, not a tile-covered hale.

GEORGE J. SKIPPER, F.R.I.B.A.

TURF, STUD AND STABLE

ONLY BAD LUCK CAN STOP THE PANTHER.

AS I write, the Derby is about ten days distant. When these comments appear in print the great race will only be four or five days off. The reader, therefore, will see things in a rather different perspective from that which is apparent to the writer, and if I ask for some indulgence on that score I hope the reason will not be misunderstood. So much may happen during these next few critical days, especially with the ground so sun and wind dried as it is at present. The



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GRAND PARADE.

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candidates are being given their last serious gallops before being delivered to run, and anyone who has an understanding of these things knows how easily a joint may be jarred or a vital tendon sprung. I remember well when Neil Gow was sharing favouritism with Lemberg for the Derby of 1910. During his last gallop at Newmarket Lord Rosebery's horse threw out a curb. Now, a curb is really not a very serious thing and is not to be compared with the seriousness of a back tendon going, but a Derby favourite is just as well without "trouble" of the kind. He ran at Epsom in the big race and finished behind Lemberg, who won, and

at Newmarket—I know of no horse, excepting, perhaps, Sunstar, which possessed brighter prospects of winning. Whatever he may be destined to do next week I certainly think his favouritism is most thoroughly justified. I have always been a staunch admirer of his, even before the day when Mr. Somerville Tattersall took the initiative at Newmarket in announcing the reserve of £40,000 on the then two year old. Well, we laughed then, and we should laugh again if a two year old were to be offered with a similar reserve placed on him. But it so happens that everything which has happened since has been calculated to raise still higher the pedestal on which the much-flattered horse was placed. He has only been seen on a racecourse once this year, and, as history tells, he won the Two Thousand Guineas for his owner.

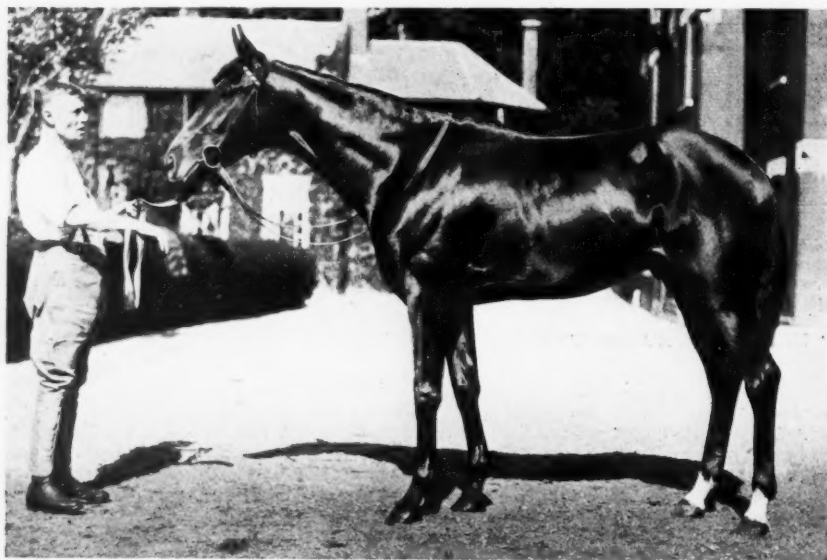
It is appropriate that the Two Thousand Guineas winner should be favourite for the Derby, and especially so when there is no particularly powerful rival to meet which was not in his path at Newmarket. Perhaps, however, I should regard Grand Parade, a horse which was not in the Two Thousand Guineas, as a powerful rival, but I will come to deal with him presently. There is also Paper Money, but in his case I am unable to share Sir Walter Gilbey's optimism. After all, he is that horse's owner, whereas I can claim to look impartially at the proposition, certainly more so than an interested owner can be capable of doing. There are two outstanding virtues about The Panther which make an irresistible appeal to me. One is his individuality. He looks a great horse, and if ever a horse looked

a classic winner in the highest class, this one most certainly does so. Several people who knew St. Simon well tell me that he is extraordinarily like that great horse. I never saw St. Simon, so I am unable to offer an opinion, but I mention what I have been told, not once but several times, in support of my statement that he is a very beautiful horse and looks the part he is now confidently expected to fill.

The other virtue is that I am convinced he was not properly trained when he was allowed to compete for the "Guineas," and yet, short of fitness as he was, he was capable of winning. Now, I know enough of training and racing to understand that a horse which could achieve so much without being given a hard race must be a good one and must inevitably improve a great deal when the missing finishing touches have been applied. I know he has made that expected improvement, because he has been going quite differently in his work, taking a greater zest in life and showing in many ways that his experience in the Two Thousand Guineas did him rare good in bracing him up and acquainting him with his serious responsibilities as a Derby favourite. He has other virtues, such as an equable temperament, rare soundness of wind and limb, and the capacity to take a healthy interest in the contents of his manger and to show benefit therefrom. Yes; The Panther strikes me as being an ideal favourite for the Derby, and I cannot think that anything but misadventure or bad luck can possibly bar the way to a great victory.

Had Lord Basil won the Newmarket Stakes I might have written less confidently, because it would have been made apparent that there was valid excuse for this horse's poor show in the race for the Two Thousand Guineas. But it so happened that he

was beaten again, and this time in such dismal circumstances as to leave no manner of doubt that he is an ungenerous horse. Exit, therefore, the much-trumpeted Lord Basil from the Derby so far as I am concerned. The Newmarket Stakes was won by Dominion after a muddling race, which really told nothing at all except that Lord Basil is an impostor. It is said now that Grand Parade, in the same ownership, is a better horse than Dominion. There is no racecourse proof of the fact, and all we have to go on is the unofficial claim of his trainer, Barling, who



W. A. Rouch.

DOMINION.

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Greenback, who was second. He had finished in front of Lemberg for the Two Thousand Guineas.

I merely remind you of what is possible during these critical winding-up days in a Derby horse's preparation, because anything I may write now is necessarily subject to what fate may have in store, though I sincerely hope that all those which it is intended shall compete may avoid any trouble. A pronounced favourite for next Wednesday's race is Sir Alec Black's The Panther, and in recent years at Epsom—I omit the New Derby celebrations

is as sanguine as he is plausible in making out a case to fit his ideas. Personally I would not for a moment be led away by tales of the kind. They appeal to those who must find something with which to oppose a hot favourite, and at the time of writing, therefore, we have Grand Parade figuring as third favourite, though nothing has been seen of him in public this year. I do not wish to "crab" the horse without apparent reason, but it is no use writing with any sense of responsibility unless one is prepared to take a definite line. And in the case of Grand Parade I oppose him because he has not been seen out this year—though this, needless to say, is not necessarily a bar to victory in the Derby, but at the same time, it is not a help—and for the reason that he is scarcely big enough to be a horse of high class, while he may not stay the distance. Before these notes appear in print, however, he may have been formally tried with H., Dominion and Grand Fleet, all horses in the same ownership.

Buchan is a very genuine little horse, but there is every reason why he should not turn the tables on The Panther. Stefan the Great does not stay and his owner and trainer have come to recognise the all-important fact. Tangiers stays well, and the public will take to him as a likely outsider. Milton, Roamer, White Heat and Golden Orb do not strike me as being anything like good enough, but I can say a good word for All Alone, who keeps on winning and improving to an astonishing extent.

This is the horse I like best of all to gain a place, but what I have written above should leave no doubt that I am whole heartedly a champion of The Panther. As regards the Oaks, I can see no danger to Roseway unless it be that Britannia, who was a poor second to her for the One Thousand Guineas, has made phenomenal improvement.

It will be news to many people actively engaged in hunter-breeding that Major David Davies, M.P., owner of the Llandinam Stud in Montgomeryshire, is holding a dispersal sale at Llandinam on June 11th of his hunter-bred stock. If now is the time to sell it is also the time to buy young hunters and breeding stock of a type which has been the object of careful study for some years. Major Davies' hunters have been admired in all the leading show rings, and a year does not pass now that two or three of his entire horses do not take high honours among the King's Premium winners. I have in mind such horses as Great Surprise, a brilliant sprinter when in training and a beautiful individual; and others of note are Bachelor's Image, Ballinasloe and Sea Flier, the latter being by The Gull (by Gallinule) from Meltusa, by Melton. The brood mares have all been well chosen for their excellent lineage and true hunter-like make and shape, and I am sure the sale will attract the right sort of buyers to Llandinam and that Major Davies will feel rewarded by the results of his admirable efforts to improve the breed of light horses in Great Britain.

PHILLIPPOS.

MISS LEITCH THE INVINCIBLE

By BERNARD DARWIN.

"MAY the best man win" is always a very pious and proper prayer, and there can be no possible doubt that the best lady won the English Championship at St. Anne's. Miss Leitch first of all "spread-eagled" the field in the qualifying round, going round in 84 to her nearest competitor's 90. Then when it came to the match play, she frightened one opponent into scratching, beat the others by margins ranging from 5 and 4 upwards and in the thirty-six hole final annihilated her old rival, Mrs. Dobell, to the tune of 10 and 8. Such a record speaks for itself, and for the time being, at any rate, there are two classes of ladies who play golf: in the first is Miss Cecil Leitch, in the second all the other golfers. Mrs. Dobell—we must really cease to call her Miss Ravenscroft in a bracket—has clearly not got back to her old form yet, and only "muddled through" into the final, chiefly, I imagine, by her admirable golfing temperament, at once so sunny and so philosophic. Temperament can do wonders at golf, but against Miss Leitch no one can live by smiles alone. Mrs. Dobell always teaches us all a lesson in accepting bad strokes cheerfully, but this time she made too many bad strokes, especially near the hole. Let us hope she will be in better practice at Burnham in the autumn, and will really set her teeth as she did when she beat Miss Leitch in a memorable match at Stoke Poges just before the war. Then we may see another battle royal, but for the present it is hardly possible to imagine Miss Leitch being beaten.

GIANTESSES OF THE PAST.

Miss Leitch's sweeping victory will strengthen the very general impression that in point of power and accuracy combined her game represents a distinctly higher pitch than has ever before been reached by a lady golfer. It is always a profitless if pleasant occupation to compare game-players of different periods, but when this point is discussed there are two names in particular that always crop up, those of Lady Margaret Scott and Miss Edith Orr. Lady Margaret won the first two ladies' championships with consummate ease and then retired. The Misses Orr for there were three of them, flashed like meteors across the golfing firmament for an even briefer space. For some years before they played in a championship those who knew them used to say, "Ah, if only the Misses Orr would play, you would see." These great private reputations do not always stand the test of a public trial, but in this case there was no disappointment. The three sisters reached the last eight, and two of them met in the final; there could not have been a more complete justification. Then, trailing their clouds of glory, they disappeared into private life and golf again. No one can do more

than be the best of his or her day, and I know no better answer to these questions of comparison than that given me once by Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville when I asked him, perhaps rather stupidly, how "Young Tommy" Morris compared with Vardon, Braid and Taylor. "I cannot conceive," he said, "anyone playing better than Tommy did."

THE PROBLEM OF PLAYING SHORT.

Only one lady hitherto unknown to fame made a real mark in this tournament. This was Miss Fraser, who reached the semi-final, and was two up on Mrs. Dobell on the way home, but was beaten at the last hole. She appears to have lost largely through a mistake of judgment at the seventeenth hole, when she first decided, too cautiously, to play short of a bunker, and then, not playing short enough, plunged into it. Playing short with the ball of to-day is a particularly ticklish matter because of its tremendous run. I was talking to Braid the other day and he was emphasising this point. If in the gutty ball days there was a doubtful carry with a wooden club and you decided that the risk was too great, you might yet play a cleek shot and stay short of the bunker. To-day you either take a brassy to get home or a mashie to stay short; there is hardly any middle course. On the other hand, the fateful decision has not to be made so often, for there are fewer greens guarded for their entire width by a cross bunker. The modern architect generally leaves an open road for those who can put their ball in the right place. This he is almost forced to do by the modern ball, for when the ground gets really hard baked, not all the King's horses and all the King's men can prevent a ball that pitches on the green from running over it.

A CYNICAL PROPOSAL.

An unchivalrous friend suggested to me the other day that the men's amateur championship should be thrown open to ladies. This does not sound unchivalrous, but he had, I regret to say, an ulterior motive. The terror of being possibly defeated by a lady and being mercilessly chaffed even afterwards would, he argued, deter from entering many male players who now cumber the ground, and thus the field would be reduced to a more manageable size. I commend this proposal for what it is worth to my friend Mr. Angus Hambro and our other reformers. There is much cynical wisdom in it. A few years back one grand old golfer used to enter for the Amateur Championship. He had been a great player in his day, but had now come to an age when he could narrate to nearly all his opponents reminiscences of their respective grandparents. There was no doubt that a self-conscious fear of being beaten by one so venerable



DRIVING HER WAY TO VICTORY.

had its effect upon his opponents' play. If Miss Leitch was to play in an Amateur Championship to-day a number of competitors with unimpeachable credentials would probably be very much frightened of her, and small blame to them.

LAWRENCE AYTON.

More professional "Victory" tournaments have been played in different parts of the country. Risebro has won once again in East Anglia and Cyril Hughes in Wales, but the most interesting victory was that of Lawrence Ayton in Scotland. One distinguished professional has declared that Ayton is, at the moment, playing the best golf of anyone in the three kingdoms. A little while back he went round St. Andrews in 69, and when the big professional tournament takes place there next month

he may very likely start first favourite, unless that position belongs to Braid, who is always at his best in Scotland—he has never won a championship in England—and at St. Andrews in particular. Ayton's one appearance in an Amateur Championship was, if I remember rightly, made at St. Andrews, when he was beaten on the last green by Mr. C. A. Palmer; but he is a very different player now—indeed, he seems to have been steadily improving for a long time. His rather long and florid swing has been sternly cut down, and he is altogether a steadier and more compact player than he used to be. Mr. Hilton ingeniously suggests that Ayton has thus shortened his swing in imitation of Messrs. de Montmorency and Gillies, with whom he often played at Rye, and certainly there could be few better object-lessons in the value of control than the styles of those two admirable players.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SEA BIRDS

By WALTER E. COLLINGE.

ON a secluded part of the cliffs of the Fife coast, hidden by a dense tangle of furze and brambles, is a small cave, if a burrow of four or five feet square can be described as such. Local tradition has prefixed the word "Smuggler's," but Nature, as if ashamed of such boastful make-believe, has hidden this recess in the cliff side almost entirely from view, so that there are few now who could find it.

Be that as it may, we are not now concerned whether it was once the resort of desperate characters and their contraband—an unlikely theory, considering the height of the cave from the base of the cliffs and the difficulty of approach—or how it came to be a cave at all. The one and only interest it possesses for us is that it offers a peculiarly advantageous observation post for studying the ways and habits of some of our commoner sea birds. To the north is a wide stretch of shore, while immediately in front of our vantage are innumerable rock pools which form the daily feeding ground of countless flocks of gulls, kittiwakes, razorbills, etc.

Here, from the commencement of autumn to the late spring of the year, silence reigns, save for the sob of the sea at the foot of the cliffs, the whistle of the wind, and the screaming of the gulls as they search the garbage brought up by the tide.

As one watches the ceaseless activity of the different species and the enormous numbers that frequent this stretch of shore, one begins to realise faintly the vast amount of food that is required to feed such an army. There are those who tell us that all these birds live very largely upon food-fishes and edible molluscs, while others state that during a large portion of the year their food consists of cultivated grain, and that they do considerable harm to young game. Further, we are informed that in consequence of the great increase in the numbers of these birds during recent years our food-fishes are becoming scarcer. The surprising fecundity of fishes is known to all who take an interest in marine zoology, and there is every reason to believe that quite as many are destroyed by marine invertebrate organisms as are caught by man.

That the impoverishment of the sea bogey is but chimerical has been ably argued more than once, and it is one that should now be quietly laid to rest. Writing in 1915, Dr. E. J. Allen stated: "For many years past the total quantity and the total value of the fish landed in this country have both shown a steady and continuous increase. Ever since the year 1890, when the industry of steam-trawling was already in full swing, the total landings have doubled both in quantity and in value."

During this period of nearly thirty years there has been an enormous increase of most of our commoner sea birds, and particularly so during the last ten or fifteen years, and yet, in spite of this, the number and value of the fish landed have steadily increased. We are therefore forced to one conclusion, viz., that whether these birds feed upon food-fishes or not, they have not appreciably affected the supply.

We have next to deal with the charge of eating grain. Unfortunately, we have not yet completed our volumetric analysis of the percentages of the different food items, but sufficient data have been obtained to show that these same birds destroy large quantities of injurious insects, and our investigations all tend to show that the actual percentage of grain is exceedingly small, and when compared with that of injurious insects it is an almost negligible factor. The bulk of the food of these birds, with one or two exceptions, is neither food-fishes nor cultivated grain. Of what, then, does it consist? As stated, we cannot yet give

percentages for the different food items, but this we can state: that our commoner sea birds feed upon material that we class as of a neutral nature, such, for instance, as shellfish of various kinds, crustacea, sea urchins, starfish, marine and earth worms, etc., all of which organisms are as numerous as, or even more so than, the fishes.

Certain species of sea birds undoubtedly take a large amount of fish food, but many of these fishes are not eaten by man. To talk about the depletion of the sea owing to this cause is manifestly absurd, but it is quite in keeping with much that has been written in recent years about our fisheries, and is only equalled by similar matter relating to agriculture. The harvest of the sea, like that of the land, will only increase by a more thorough understanding of the many problems relating thereto, and in the absence of that knowledge it would seem that any straw was good enough to clutch at, provided it will help to hide our ignorance.

The agitation for the destruction of our commoner sea birds has become greater and more active during recent years, but the so-called evidence upon which these birds are condemned is most unsatisfactory; indeed, it is little more weighty than personal opinion, and often of those least qualified to express one.

If, as the result of proper and thorough investigation, it can be shown that any species is so numerous and its food of such a nature as to be detrimental to the country's interests, then by all means let us have adequate repressive measures instituted to as quickly as possible remove the evil. On the other hand, if such investigations show that certain species are beneficial or do not affect the question of man's food supply, then in a like manner let us demand strict protection for such birds and their eggs, but to act before we are in possession of the necessary knowledge would be most unwise. Such ill-considered action might lead to results entirely opposite to what we wished, and an error of this kind might take very many years to repair, and at a cost out of all proportion to the supposed loss. At present we are not justified in going beyond the following conclusions:

1. There is ample evidence to warrant us in stating that the majority of our commoner species of sea birds have largely increased in numbers during the past ten or fifteen years.

2. We know that all of the species are voracious feeders, and that an enormous quantity of food must be required and consumed by them daily.

3. Some of the species subsist largely upon fish and other marine organisms, but of the species and percentage of fish destroyed we have yet no satisfactory data.

4. Some of the species of birds consume large quantities of injurious insects, but the exact ratio this class of food bears to other classes is not at present known.

5. A few species have been charged with consuming large quantities of grain, but no convincing and trustworthy data are forthcoming to prove this.

6. Other species are stated to destroy smolts and trout fry.

What now remains to be done is to arrive at an exact knowledge of the nature of the food consumed throughout the year in different districts, and of the different species. To fix, after duly considering all the facts, the precise economic position of each species, *i.e.*, if it is injurious, beneficial or neutral. If injurious, to suggest what measures should be taken for the reduction of the particular species; and if beneficial, to consider if any further measures are advisable in order to ensure its protection; and this is the work at present in hand and which we hope before long to have satisfactorily completed.